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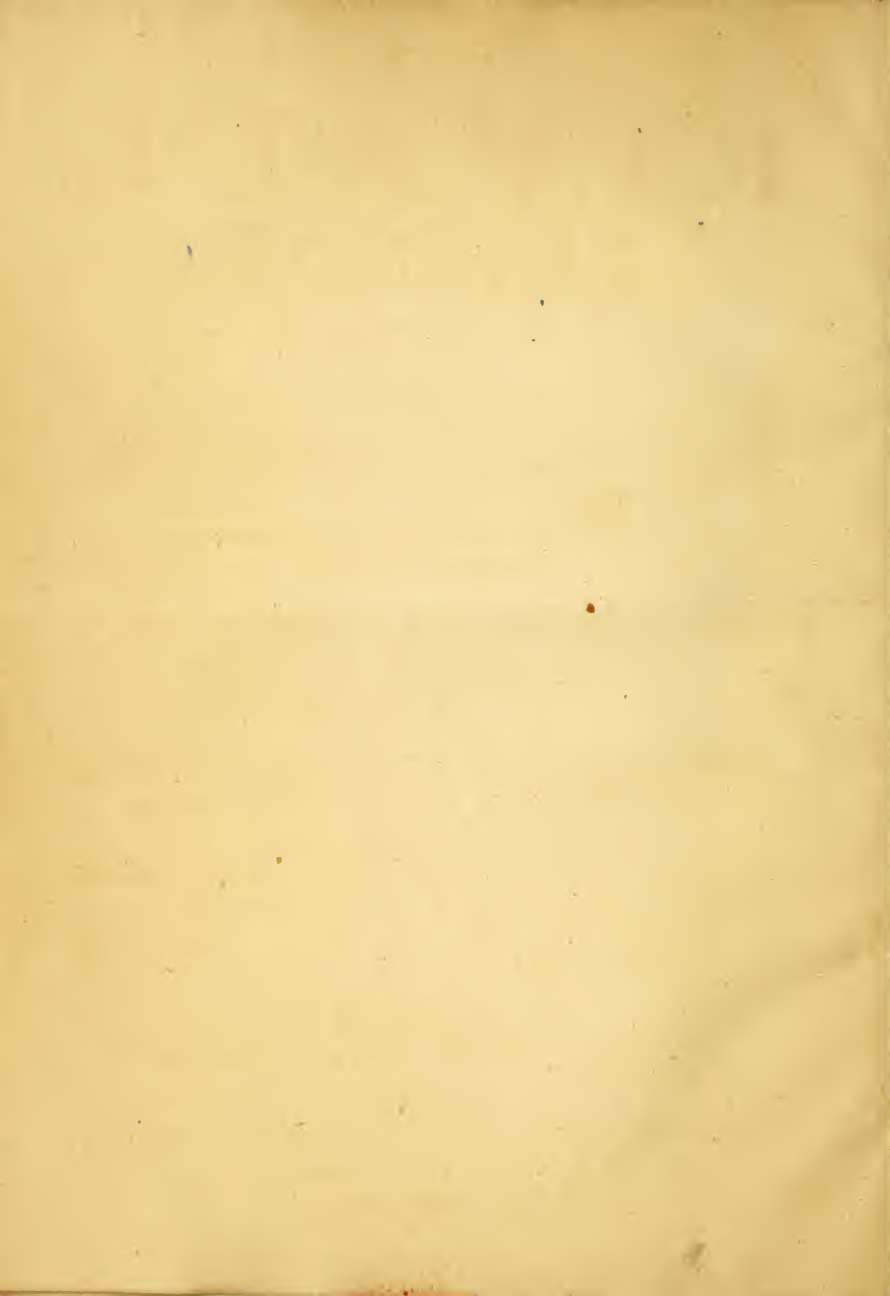
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THE
RIVALL
FRIENDS.

A Comædie,

As it was Acted before the King and
Queens Maiesties, when out of their princely
favour they were pleased to visite their
Vniuersitie of *Cambridge*, upon the 19.
day of *March*. 1631.

Cryed downe by Boyes, Faction, Envie,
and confident Ignorance, approv'd by the
judicious, and now exposed to the pub-
lique censure, by

The Authour, P. E. T. HAVSTED M^r. in
Artes of Queenes Colledge.

Non tanti est ut placeamus insanire.



LONDON,

Printed by *Aug. Matthews* for *Humphrey Robinson*,
at the signe of the three Pidzecons in *Pauls*
Church-yard. 1632.

1712

Dramatis Personæ.

Sacriledge Hooke, a Simoniacall Patrone.

Pandora, his faire Daughter.

Mist'ris Vrsely, his supposed Daughter, deformed and foolish.

Iacke Loneall, a Court Page, Nephew to Mr. *Hooke*.

Constantina, *Iacke Loneall's* sister.

Lucius. } the two Friends, and Rivalls in *Pan-*
Neander, or *Cleopes* } *dora's* loue.

Luscinio, *Lucius* his Boy.

Bally Linely, an old merry fellow, that liues in the impropriate Parsonage.

Terpander, an old Gentleman.

Anteros, his sonne, an humerous mad fellow, that could not endure women.

Laurentio, an ancient Citizen.

Endymion, his sonne, and Page to *Lucius*.

Isabella, *Laurentio's* Daughter, in loue with *Lucius*.

Stipes, *Hooke's* Sheepheard.

Placenta, his Wife, a Midwife.

Merda, their Daughter.

Nodde Emptie, an Innes of the Court man.

William Wiseacres, a quondam Attorneys Clarke.

Mr. Mangrell, an elder brother.

Hammerstin, a Batchelour of Arts.

Zealous Knowlittie, a Box-maker, ————

Tempest All-mouth, a decaied Cloth-worker

Arthur Armestrog } 2. yong schollers, robu-

Stitchell Legg — } stious footbal-players.

Ganimed Fillpot, a pretender to a Scholler,

who had once bin a Gentlemans Butler.

Hugo Obligation, a precise Scrivener. ————

Two Men, two Maydes of *Linelyes*.

A Bedlam.

Fidlers.

Suiters to Mist'ris
Vrsely for the
Parsonage sake.

149.570

May. 1873



To the right *Honourable*, right *Reue-*
rend, right *Worshipfull*, or whatsoever he
be or shall bee whom I hereafter
may call *Patron*.

IF thou do'st deale with the *crackt Chambermaid*,
Or in *stale Kinswomen* of thine own do'st trade,
With which *additions* thou do'st set to sale
Thy *Gelded Parsonages*, or do'st prevaile
With thy *despayring Chaplaine* to divide
That which should be *entire*, for which beside
Perhaps hee payes thee too, know that from thee
(Beest thou *Squire*, *Knight*, or *Lord*, or a degree
About all these) nor I, nor yet my booke
Does craue protection, or a gentle Looke:
But if there be a man, (such men bee rare!)
That 'midst *so many sacrilegious*, dare
Be good and *honest*, though he be *alone*,
With such a zeale, such a devotion,
As th'old *Athenians* were wont to pay
Vnto their *wik rowne God*, I here doe lay
My *selfe and booke* before him, and confesse
That such a *Virtue* can deserue no lesse.
Read it (*saire Sir*) and when thou shalt behold
The *Ulcers* of the time by my too bold
Hand brought to light, and *lanch'd*, and then shalt see
vice to his face *branded* and told *that's hee*,
Incircled safe in thine owne goodnesse sit,

Vntouch'd by any line, and laugh at it.
'Twas made to *please*, and had the *vicious Age*
Beene good enough, it had not left the *Stage*
Without it's *due Applause*: But since the *times*
Now bring forth men *enamour'd* on their *crimes*,
And those the greater number, 'twere *disease*
To thinke that any thing that *bites* should *please*.
Had it beene borne a *toothlesse* thing, though *meane*,
It might haue *past*, nay might haue *prais'd* beene:
But being a *Satyrè*— no. Such *straines* of *Witt*
Are lik'd the *worse*, the *better* they are writ.
Who euer knew one deepe in loue, commend
A Song though ne're so good, so aptly pend,
Set to the choycest note *Musick* affords,
Sung by as choyce a *Voice*, if that the words
Contained nothing else but a *disgrace*
Vnto his Mistris and her *borrowed face*?
O happy Age! ô wee are fallen now
Vpon *braue times*, when my *Lords* *wrinkled brow*
(Who perhaps labour'd in some *crabbed Look*
How to get farther into'th *silk-mans booke*,
Not *minding* what was *done*, or *said*) must stand
A *Coppy*, and his *Anticke* front command
The *censure* of the *rest*, to *smile* or *frowne*,
Iust as his *squeesed* face cries *vp* or *downe*:
When such as *can* *judge right*, and *know* the *Lawes*
Of *Comady*, dare not *approue*, because
My *Ladies Woman* did forget to bring
Her *Sp*— and therefore swor't a *tedious thing*.
But (*knowing Sir*) rancke not your selfe with these
That *judge not* as things *are*, but as they *please*.

Peter Hausted,



THE PRÆFACE TO THE READER.

INgenious and understanding Reader, for if thou beest not
s, I neither regard thee, nor thy censure. In this age of
Outsides, wherein to be modest is to be Ignorant, and to be
impudent is call'd Learning, wherein to please our walking
Things in sike, a man must write dust and cobweb; amongst
the rest, though with much difficultie and opposition, yet at
the length I have obtained leave for this poore neglected
piece of mine to salute the Light & in spite of all black-
mouth'd Calumny (who ha's endeavor'd to crush it into nothing) presented it to
the open view. I am not ignorant what base aspersions, & unchristianlike stan-
ders (like a generall infection) have spread themselves throughout the King-
dome, nor can I hope that the publishing of it can stop all those wide mouthes
which are opened against it; yet I must not despaire of so much justice from
the Candide, (for their owne honestie is interested in the Action) as (when they
shall behold the innocence of it) to confesse, that I suffer most unjustly in
these reports. How it was accepted of their Majesties whom it was intended
to please, we know, and had gracious signes: how the rest of the Court were
affected, wee know too; Such as were faire and intelligent will yet giue it
sufficient Testimonie: As for those which came with starch'd faces and reso-
lutions to dislike whatsoever they saw or heard, (all due reverence being gi-
ven to the faire fields they weave upon their backs) they must perforce
giue mee leave to be of that haeresie, and thinke that there is something else
required to the composition of a Iudgement, then a good Suite of taken-up
Clothes, a Countenance set in a frame, and some three shakes of the emptic
Noddle. The difficulties, and disadvantages wee went upon were many, and
knowne, neither did we faile in the successe we hop'd for; for indeed wee
expected no other thing then to be cried downe by many-mouth'd Detraction.
Alas, wee are all but men, and may erre; and our offence was the same
that was imputed to Cicero, by a great Romane Ladie, who told him that it
was sauntiesse in him amongst so many Patrieians of eminent blood, to
dare to be Vertuous or Eloquent. I doe confesse we did not goe such quaint
waves as we might have done; we had none of those Sea-artes, knew not
how, or else scorn'd to plant our Canvas so advantageously to catch the way-
ward

ward breach of the Spectatours; but freely & ingenuously labourd rather to merit then raish an Applause from the Theatre. Wee neuer yet were so poorely ambitious (nor euer wil) to court the Claps of young Ones, who are more delighted to see an Ape play his forced trickes, then to behold the truest and most naturall Action in the world. Let such as despaire of the approbation of Men, cry, *Let in the Bayes, wee shal haue no nayse else*. I envie not the applause comes from such hands or tongues. As for the Objections made by Envie and Ignorance, such as I haue heard, I will answer, and then dare all their Snarres to hisle out more. And first, the Lownesse of many of the persons did displease some; I conversed too much with Sheepheards they say.

It is the misery of Poetry aboue other sciences, & in Poetry of the Dramme especially, that it lies open to be profan'd by every adulterate judgement. The Musician dares onely judge of Musike, the Philosopher in naturall causes, the Mathematician of those Arts: But what fly-blowne piece of Man is there, whose best of vertues is to cry *God dam him*, whose top of knowledge the Alphabeticall and Greeke heathls but thinks himsele a Doctor of the Chaire in what belongs to the Scene? Let them looke into *Plautus*, and they shall find the chieftest person in his *Persa* to be a *Servant*; and it is accounted one of the greatest excellencies in *Sydasy*, that he was able so much to humble his phant'ey, as truly and naturally to set forth the clownery of *Dametis*, the indigested and unlickt words and phrases of his wife and daughter. But these squirt-wits, (who are able onely to bring forth a paper of verses in a yeare, it may be of a haire that fell from their Mrs. Peruke, and think this sufficient to stile them *Laureat*) in the Description of a *shipwacke* (peradventure) would take great delight to see a faire *Cypresse tree* pictured. All that I will say to them is this, if their mouthes be out of taste, I am not bound to answer for it. But why this before their *Majesties*? say they. And I say, why not this before their *Majesties*, rather then higher things? (although they may perceiue that the straine is not continued.) The Court is not acquainted with such *groueling humours*; Therefore (my obstinate Heretike) the better. To haue shoven them nothing but what they see daily, had bin but course entertainment, and if that was my error, that the two *Changelings* spoke no strong lines, but plaid at *Chackstones*, when it may be some of our *butterfly-judgements* expected a set at *Man* or *primivista* from them, let it lye upon my Conscience.

Next, whereas my discretion was call'd in question for making one to raile so bitterly upon Women before the Ladies, who we should haue labour'd to please rather. I answer, that the Ladies (as some report) should take offence at *Asteros* his part, will not yet enter me; for although I know many of that sex weak enough, yet me thinks it cannot be that such as they, who are taken out of the Ore, refin'd and wrought up unto such a degree of purity by the Court, that we may not be afraid to say, that they are more then halfe men (that is) come not far short of us in that which gives us our denomination, Reason; it cannot be (I say) that these should so much discredit the opinion which the world has of their apprehensions and judgements, as to be offended to see a Woman-hater personated: for then, how shall we hereafter dare to bring upon the Stage a *Bawd*, an *Usurer*, an *Intemperate man*, a *Traitor*, or one that commits

commits *Idolatry* to his *Mistress*, (which is as great a sinne as most of these) if onely to personate be to approve? No, when we act a vice, it is not because we allow of it, but rather labour to extirpe it by shewing the odiousness of it to the world. As for that which they object against bringing in of the foure Guls in the third Act, as impertinent to the Plot; I answer, that it was a most naturall passage, & although it conduc'd nothing to the maine hinge on which the chiefe carriage of the *Comœdie* turn'd, (no more then *Liucy's* drinking of Sack, the Donation of the Living, with the bestowing of the crooked change-ling, *Asteros* turning shepheard, or *Syrrus* being tyed to the tree) yet if they please to turne to the latter end of the fift Act, they shall find that they were not all soyld in as mere strangers. Let them shew me (if they can) a rule in Poetry, that binds us so strictly not to meddle with any persons but what appertaine primarily to the plot. If they can (which I cannot beleue) I will shew them again that *Rule* broken by most of the prime Writers in this kind, both of Ages past and present, I meane not only in our owne *Mother tongue*, wherein the *Dramme* but lately is arriv'd at any perfection, but in *Latine*, *Italian*, and others. But this is the bolt of some shallow & narrow capacities, who peradventure was puzzled with the multitude of names, and would haue been better contented with three Actors and a halfe, and some seven or eight papers of verses tyed together with *Coblers* ends. As for the false and abominable imputations laid upon it by my Tribe with the short haire and long eares, my *formall out-sides*, that looke demure, and snuffe; I doe not much regard them, because it is their Trade; nor are they onely at open defiance with this, but with all kind of learning. Yet I cannot see how any *Good man*, should be displeased, or thinke Religion any whit wronged, to see those sores and Biles of the Church brought to open view, (the onely way to cure them) to see those (curst Simoniacall patrons) rowld from out their dennes, to see such *Mock-schoolers*, nay *Mock-christians* expos'd to publique laughter. — A *Scrivener*, a *Box-maker*, a *Cloth-worker*, a *Fuller*, and such *mechanicall* sordide people, must with unwash'd hands now adayes dare to offer at Gods *Altar*, and yet these men must not be touch'd, but Religion (forsooth) suffers in it. — Reade, and blush at thy credulitie. — Reader, not to tire thee with a Preface, thou hast it *verbatim*, and *punctually* as it was acted. I confesse, I would willingly haue alred some things which upon more mature deliberation I haue found to be subject to mis-constructions, but that I knew the malice of some would upon that take advantage, to make the world beleue, that that which hath, or shall be spoken against it, is true. — Reade it with Candour and Discrimination, and then call me

Your Friend,

PET. HAVSTED.

Amicissimo suo PETRO HAVSTED invitatio ut
Comœdiam suam Prelo committat.

Quid serinæ tenebris cerebri damnas opes
Gazaque opulentioris ingenij invides
Luci ? caloris enthei Gento satia
Inest tunc quod mille vatum pectora
Diet, animosque liberet inopia: jacet
Sopita virtus ? evigilet. Calumnia
Lauto ruinam straxit, ut ubique colubæ
Convitijs epulentur. En ! hoc effluit
Martyris Castalidum cruor, rivuli
Que sanguinis litantur. Exitium hilaris
Spectas ? nimiam crudelis, eripe (dum licet)
Flammis : oculis vel si beat spectaculum
Vt opprimi Drama videas, preli ferat
Tormenta ; cruciatus, doloresque petat
Omnes elegans ars quos habet, poematis
Manebit ultesum decus, nec criminis
Fatebitur labem ullius : in laudem hilaria
Erumpere, letusque intueri diem : foro
Spectante, Cæciliæ Carolus plausum tunc
Indulser, inviliæ manibus torpeatibus
Vulgi : iam memoriam hoc revoca, & posthac tibi

Crimen erit venis tuis

Vnquam relegere superbiis.

Quod si protulit, is fuit

Error, benignæ Celsæis dormitas
Ignoscat, avara tenaxque nimis Musa metuit
Haberî, epulas datura Regis auribus :
Amplamque dotem expendere vatis studuit
Luxurians ingentium : nil Tyria
Vellera, purpuraque moror : subsellium
Stipet corona papillinum, & citius
Sistrem ab istis laudem ; inanis splendor hic,
Et inscitia superbiens ostro, dolor
Ingens theatri est & molestia. prodigus
Autem nimis sum jellis, est mihi portio
Minuta tantum, nec volo monopolium
Bilis meæ, orbi dividam, fixum animo
Sedet generosè impendere ; sed ecce munus
Destruit charta, & huc usque ut sciveret
Obsequium penna officiosa, jam mihi
Elapsa fugit. Vatum hoc furtum est pij.

Agnosce candorem : mori

Hostes prohibet ; stupiditas

Nec hæc i zers vocabitur

Sed inelyta patiencia.

Ed. Kemp.

To the Authour.

Would'st thou haue ta'ne my counsell (dearest friend)
Some humble *Dedication* thou hadst penn'd
To foule *Detraction*, swearing thou doest owe
Thy worke to *her*; because that *shee* doth show
By strength of Argument thy Labours bee
Most *white*, and from all base aspersions free.
For *Envy's Vertues* parasite, and feeds
Vpon *her* trencher, then this worke must needs
Bee good, which doth at its sole charge maintaine
Envie so well that *shee* doth burst againe,
And split her strutting gorge, she goes before
Laughter in *fatnesse*, and commends thee more.

To the same vpon the Arraignement of his Comædie.

THe Court once set, straightwayes a *Iurie* went
Vpon thy *Comædie*, was fully bent
To finde it *guiltie*, though the *King* did sit
As *Iudge* himselfe that day, and cleared it.
If so, then let the foule-mouth'd *World* condemne
Thy *Innocent Piece*, shew that thou canst contemne
And slight the false *Inditements* which they bring
To cast it, since tis *quitted* by the *King*,
And all the *Comicke Lanes*; which not transgress,
Why should'st thou be condemn'd, lesse to be prest?
That th' benefit o'th *Booke*, which went to *saue*
From suffering, thou *suffering thus* may'st haue.

I. R.

B

The

Being a Dialogue betwixt *Venus*, *Thetis*, and *Phœbus*, sung by two Trebles, and a Base. *Venus* (being *Phosphorus* as well as *Vesper*) appearing at a window aboue as risen, calling to *Sol*, who lay in *Thetis* lap at the East side of the stage, canopied with an azure curtaine : at the first word that *Venus* sing, the curtaine was drawne, and they discovered.

Venus. **D**Rowse *Phœbus* come away,
And let out the long'd for day,
Leaue thy *Thetis* silver breast,
And ope the easements of the East.

Tis Venus calls, away, away,
The making mortals long for day.

Thetis. And let them long, tis just and right
To shut them in eternall night,
Whose deeds deserue no day; lye still,
Arise not yet, lye still my Sun,
My night begins when thou art gone.

Venus. Ile wooe thee With a kisse to come away.

Thet. And I with fourtie for to stay.

Venus. Ile giue to thee the faire *Adonis* heare
So thou wilt rise: *Thet.* And I to keepe thee here
Will giue a wreath of pearle as faire
As ever Sea-Nymph yet did weare.

Tis Thetis wooes thee stay, O stay, O stay.

Venus. *Tis Venus* wooes thee rise, O come away.

Phœbus. To which of these shall i mine eare incline?

Venus. Vnto the upper world repayre.

Thet. O no, Ile binde him in my flowing haire.

Phœbus. But see fond Mortalls how they gaze
On that same pettie blaze?

Thetis adieu, I am no longer thine,

I must away, For if I stay,

My Deuy's quite undone,

They will forget t'adore the rising Sun.

Heere *Phœbus* arises from *Thetis* lap, and speaks

But what new spectacle of wonder's this?

And haue I lost my wonted Majestic

Wherewith I use to strike a generall blindnesse

Through all the Starres? unto what height of pride

Are they aspir'd, that thus with open eyes
They dare out-face mee? Call out a powerfull ray;
And make those saucie sparkes confesse that all
Their lustre is a debt they owe to me.

Venus sings. *Gently, gently, God of light,
Profane not powers that are knowne
To bee greater then thine owne:
Here is not a fire doth shine
That is beholding unto thine,
They are of themselves divine.*

Phæbus speaks. And blesse them all the Gods. But how come I
To be so blinde to day? so dull? so heavy?
I know them now; Hayle fayrest *Albions King*.
Liue still the envie of the World; and thou
Resplendent Goddess, to view whose glorious face
I haue oft times in my swift course stood still;
Be all propitious to thy wish'd delights.
And since ye haue vouchsaf'd your gracious presence
Here at the *Muses Grove*, command their *Panegyrics*.
Who here stands prest to serue yee.

Venus sings. *Will hee obey?*

Phæb. speaks. Or else let *Daphne* frowne,
Or Phaeton resume my Chariot.

Venus sings. *Then in their names I doe command thee heere
Lord of the yeere,
To entertaine
This goodly Train,
Call backe that day of mine
The sprightly Valentine.*

Phæb. speaks. Command me kill a *Python*, or recall
The *Lion* or the *Crabb*: thou art too modest
In thy requests; tis done, and for to add
A greater honour to this day, behold
I will recall those few spent minutes too
Which haue runn out since I appear'd, I'll back,
And fetch new rayes that amorous *Valentine*,
This morning may brighter then euer shine.

*At Phæbus his going in, the Chorus
sing these two last lines.*

After the Dialogue, enter a Boy.

Ha ha he, here be fine feats. (I hope we shall haue a ballad made o'nt before night) ha ha he, the Sun must lay aside all his busines, & be at leasure (forsooth) to fetch back *St Valentines* day for the, ha ha he. In faith Gentlemen I pity ye, y'ar like to haue a goodly *Comedy* here, *Plautus* his *Captiues* translated, or some such thing I warrant ye: why your Poet cannot endure a woman; and there are likely to be sweet raptures where the *Muse* is not *amorous* and *sanguine*. But let me see, now I think o'nt, Ile go fetch him out to ye, & ye shall laugh at him most miserably, & the Ladies too; troth do, he deserues it. He has hired me this *Valentines* morning, (for so ye must suppose it) to lead him out hood-winkt with a black scarf, into the fields, because he would not see a woman. But Gods me! what haue I forgot? I should haue had mine eares stretch'd for it if I had miss'd it. Yee must suppose the *Scene* too to be here in England at a country village. Some low homely slight stuffe 'twill be, I doubt: pray heavens he does not heare me. And here's an other dainty absurdity too (which I care not much if I tell yee) concerning their cloathes, which as far transcend the condition of the persons, as the court does the country. But that they hope the Court will excuse, for had it not bin here, they had bin forc'd (they say) to keepe the true *decorum*. But to my charge whom I left at the doore, till I had discover'd whether the coast were cleare. Come sir, now you may venture, you haue a prospect as barren as an Eunuchs chin. — O me! why hee's run away. Ile be whipt if he has not smelt out my plot of exposing him to your view. — But heere comes the *Prologue*, he perhaps brings some newes of him; Ile leaue yee to censure his *legs* and *cringes*. *Exit Boy.*

Prologue. Vpon occasion of their Maiesties
comming being deferr'd.

Most sacred Majesties, if yee doe wonder
To be saturd by an aged Prologue,
Know that upon these temples I doe weare
An Embleme of our Mothers fate, who saie
Shee has in expectation of your presence
Numbed the tedious moments, is growne old:
For each expecting minute that has pass'd
Has seem'd an hower, and every hower a yeare:
But will yee see what power yee retaine?
Wee by your presence are made young againe.

He pulls off his head
of haire and beard.

ACT



Actus primus, Scena prima.

*Placentia, Constantina as a Boy, Isabella in
Constantina's clothes.*

Pla. **F**ortune as yet is kind, well done my boy,
Hold vp your head, a little higher, yet,
And can you weep? *Isa.* I can, & haue some cause,
O Lucius! *Pla.* And sigh? *Isab.* I would I could not.
Most wretched *Isabella.* *Pla.* *Constantina.* She calls at the
Isa. When shal mine eies feed on that blessed sight? *windows*
Or when wilt thou with one kinde looke dissolue
This cloud which now obscures me? and makes me seeme
Another from my selfe? *Pla.* Shee stirres not yet
Why *Constantina.* *Isab.* O my *Lucius!*
Might I but once more see thee, I could goe
Vnto the graue me thinks with such a looke
As should make death enamour'd on me. *Pla.* Ha?
Not yet? O what a sleepey girle is this?

Isab. But in this house I haue learn'd *Pandora* liues,
Who now does reape my harvest: here I hope
I may enjoy at least a sight of him,
And that is all that ever I must hope for. *Constan. appears*
But I shall be observ'd. *Pla.* O now she comes. *at the window*

Const. Placentia. *Pla.* Not so lowd (take heed) for feare
The *Dragon* should be waking; haue you yet
Got on your masenline habit? *Con.* Long agoe.

Pla. Descend then, if your mind be still the same,
Before the Sun rise to betray your flight.

Const. But haue you drest the Boy in my apparell?

Pla. Tis done, and not a creature but my selfe
And the dumbe night are guilty of it. *Const.* Well,
I come. *Pla.* Introth I doe confesse I wonder
What should induce this peevishe girle to take
This strange disguised habit, and forsake

Her vncles house, but it is loue forsooth :
 Well, be it what it will, I haue procur'd,
 By her entreatie, and the gold she gaue mee,
 A boy as neere her stature as I could,
 Whom I haue cloathed in her owne apparell,
 And vayled in her scarfe. Come on my boy.
 You haue not yet forgot, I hope, th' instructions
 I read to you within. Come, let me see
 You vent a sigh now. Excellent : but be sure
 You speake not very often. *Isab.* Doubt not that:
 Th' are shallow griefs that make a noise. *Pla.* Well said.
 But tell me you, sir boy, what wast that made
 You leaue the London Players ? *Isab.* Indeed forsooth
 I was abused there ; besides, that trade
 Begins to fayle of late, most of your Gallants
 Are growne so wise and frugall, that they chuse
 Rather to spend their money on a whore
 (Which they call *necessarie*) then on such *toyes*.

Pla. Goe to, you are a wagg. See now she comes. *Enter*
 But ô the Father ! what pismire is this ? *Const.*
 Ah, I shall swound to looke upon her leggs :
 Surely one blast of wind will breake them quite.
 Now out upon her ! mine are mill-posts to them. |

Const. *Placenta*, you doe see how much I trust you,
 That put mine honour thus into your hands.
 Leade you this picture of mine into my chamber,
 And there instruct him how he should behaue
 Himselfe, that no suspicion of my flight
 Be nourisht by my Vncle, till I bee
 Past his recalling. So farewell good midwife.

Pla. How my left eye-brow beats ? I do not like it,
 It does preface no good. My *Constantina*,
 Goe back againe I pray you, in good sooth
 'Tis very dangerous, thus discompanied
 To undertake a journey. *Const.* All in vaine:
 I am resolv'd either to find my *Cleopes*,
 Or else to sleepe with death clos'd in mine armes. *Exit*

Pla. If it must needs be so, why then farewell. *Constan.*
 I cannot chuse but weepe : sweet *Constantina* —
 Well, 'twas the gooddest *Gentlewoman* — but she's gone —

Many a deare morsell has shee helpt me to —
 But we must all depart — I doe remember
 When shee was but a little one, shee ever
 Was fond of mee — but I must be content.
 Come on my boy, let not your face so much
 Be seene — when I haue shewne her lodging to you,
 And left you there — I cannot yet forbear,
 It will not from my heart — I'll goe and visite
 The faire *Pandora*, that kinde Gentlewoman,
 And see if that her closet can afford
 Any good thing to hold the heart. Come boy. *Exeunt.*

ACT. 1. SCEN. 2.

Anteros solus.

Ant. I knew there was a woman in the wind.
 I smelt her. Stay. — but now she's gone — Ile forward.
 Why I am not at leasure now to take
 An ounce of Tobacco in a weeke, they doe
 So haunt mee up and downe. And this forsooth
 Is our Saint *Valentine*, wherein our lovers
 Doe use to imitate *Iack-dawes*, and *Rookes*,
 Doe *bill* and *couple*. But (my starre's be thanked),
 I'me now deliver'd from those petulant females.
 But stay, and let me recollect my selfe.
 What part about me ist (I wonder) can
 Be guiltie of their sinne of loving mee?
 Introth me thinkes I am not very faire;
 A pretty *winter countenance* I weare
 After a cup: and I haue often seene
 A better nose dwell better eyes betweene.
 As for my legs (not for to flatter them)
 Surely I thinke under a boot they might
 Become the *Court*, so I refrain'd to play
 At *Goff* — but oh the traytor's apprehended,
 I haue him fast. Oh thou *pernicious nose*,
 Rebellious member, howe I so often rays'd
 Thy dull complexion with the spirits of sacke
 Vnto that height that thou hast dar'd t'outface
 The Sun in *Cancer*, and haue I this reward?
 But if I doe not humble thee againe,

Reduce thee to thy former state of palenesse
With *rot-gut*, and *cuds-nigs* — let me be married.
But whom haue we here?
Tis *Lucius* one of our loving fooles :
O ho? why then I must be tortured,
That's all that I can say, I must be tortured.

ACT. I. SCEN. 3.

Anteros, Lucius, Endymion.

Luc. Ah my *Endymion*, seest thou yond rising *Sun*?

End. I doe, but what of that? *Luc.* Why nothing boy
But at his presence why doe those *lesser fires*
Pluck in their *shamefac'd heads*? doest thou not marke
Dull heauie Page? I can but meditate
Vpon the wit of *Nature*, who by objects
Low and *inanimate*, as is that *Sun* —

Ant. Now heavens be good unto me, this is call'd
Lovers philosophy. *Luc.* does reade unto us
A lecture of her higher *mysteris*.
What doest thou thinke is meant by that same *Sun*?
And those *extinguisht tapers*? — he alas
Poore aged wretch but coldly imitates
That which *Pandora* does unto the life.
Whilst she is absent thousands of petty beauties
Doe twinkle in the night, let her appeare,
And they all vanish.

Ant. Ha braue, is not this daintie? for all this,
Surely the man would take't unkindly now
If I should goe and tell him he was mad.

Luc. *Endymion*, lend me thine eyes a little;
Doeest thou desire to see a *Mapp*, a *Modell*
Of all the world in brieft and in one word?
View this — why readst thou not? thy happy lipps
Should thirst me thinks to haue that blessed ayre
Divorce them. reade. *End.* *Pandora.* *Luc.* Ah *Pandora*.
Looke here's the *Sun*, this place does *Iupiter*
Possesse, here *Venus*, and there *Phæbe*; marke —
Here is the *Earth*, but in her *bravery*,
And *smiling* as when *Sol* does sleepe betwixt
The twining *Gemini*. *Ant.* Thou daring mortall:

The Riwall Friends.

But where in this your *Idol* of the world
Is *Styx*, *Cocytus*, or the blessed place
Of the deare *Furies*? or the three chapt *Dog*?
Are they without the verges of the World?

Luc. Fortune! how happy were I was this face
Of thine not counterfeite. Speake *Endymion*:
But art thou sure that my *Neander* drew
The faire *Constantina* for his *Valentine*?

Endy. I neuer said it Sir. *Luc.* How neuer said it?

End. Onely her name, so was *Pandora* yours.

Luc. O too too true preface of both our fortunes.
But let it be. When I doe violate
That loue, that more then mortall bond, wherewith
My soule is ty'd vnto *Neander*, may
I fall vnpittied, may no gentle sigh
Be spent at my last obsequies, may I want
A man to wish me, againe would that preuaile.
Ant. Without all question this is *Magick*—— oh
How I doe feare a *Metamorphosis*.

Luc. But I doe feele a pouerty of words
Begin to ceaze mee. Good *Endymion*,
Where is my boy *Luscinio*? Call him in,
That hee may touch a string which may dissolue mee
Into a flood of teares—— come on my boy, *Enter Lase.*
Oh teach that hollow pensine Instrument *with a Lute.*
To giue a true relation of my woes
Whilst I lye here, and with my sighes keepe time.

Ant. O how I sweate. 30000 feauers
Are now vpon me. O——

The Song.

*Haue pity (Griefe) I can not pay
The tribute which I owe thee, teares;
Alas those Fountains are growne dry,
And tis in vaine to hope supply
From others eyes, for each man beares
Enough about him of his owne
To spend his stock of teares vpon*

Ant. O O O. Will it be euer done?

Woe then the heavens (*gentle Love*)
 To melt a Cloud for my reliefe
 Or woe the Deepe or woe the Grave,
 Woe what thou wilt so I may have
 Wherewith to pay my debt, for Griefe
 Has vow'd, unlesse I quickly pay
 To take both life and love away.

Ant. Gods, and the World ! you cverlasting Twanger —
Amoyd. Luc. What means the Gentleman ? *Ant.* He tell you.
 The Gentleman does meane for to consult
 With the entrals of your breeches, boy ; the Gentleman
 Does meane to whip you boy, vnlesse you straight
 Auoyd the place with that seducing Fiddle.
 And you his Squire his Pandar that procures
 This bawdy Cockatrice Musick for him. fly.

ACT. I. SC. 4.

Anteros. Lucius.

Ant. How fares it with our *Lucius* ? *Luc.* As with one
 That is of all men the most miserable
 Ah my *Pandora*, when I record thy name,
 (Thy name that's bounded with that sacred number
 As shewing all Perfection bides in thee,
 mee thinks the numerous Orbes dwell in mine care,
 After which sound all others seeme vnpleasing,
 Harsh, voyd of Harmony — *Pandora* — oh
 How sweete a life had the *Camelion*
 Might hee but euer feede vpon such aires !

Ant. Am I not yet transform'd ? me thirkes I feele
 My selfe becoming Wolfe — I am halfe Beare already.

Luc. Liue happy still, and when thine aged head
 Loaden with yeares Shall bee inuveloped
 Within this earth, may a perpetuall spring
 Be on thy Graue. *Ant.* Shall I put forth my Paw,
 And to command him silence ? *Luc.* But when I
 Forget to loue thee or thy memorie,
 May my white name be stained with the blot

Of basenesse, and I dye without one teare
To wash it out. *Ant.* Forget to loue her? — oh
Not for a world. And er't be long we shall
Haue some *decayed piece of Arras*, that
Is brought to his last sute, and has no more
Lands for to sell or morgage for new plush
Will begge you for your faire reuenues Sir

— Death Sir I cannot flatter,
Let me not liue a minute if I can.
You looke not like your selfe in that same passion;
It is not man-like; ere I'de loose a sigh,
Or set my soule one scruple of a note
The lower for these *scarcrowes* in cleane linnen
These *chippings* of nature: I'de dam my selfe
To a thatcht Alhouse, and *St Kitts Tobacco*,
And dabb'e there eternally:

Luc. Ah *Anteros*, thou art too rough a Surgeon
To handle my woundes. *Ant.* *Pandora*, ah *Pandora*.
Does not this sound deliciously from a man?

Luc. Doe not blaspheame good *Anteros*; shee is
The *modell* of the world. *Ant.* Why so am I,
And you, and euery man besides, wee all
Are little worlds. *Luc.* But my *Pandora* is
The *abstract* of them all; when she was borne,
The whole house of heauen did meete, and there decreede
Onely in her mortality should reach
Perfection. *Ant.* And for heauens cause why in her?

Are wee not all made of the selfe same clay?
And of the same ingredients? by the same workeman?
'Tis madnesse *Lucius* this, it is not loue.

Luc. Sir I must leaue you. *Ant.* Nay but stay a while;
I haue not finisht yet. Besides all this,
If you doe loue her so, what hinders then
But you might marry her, since (as I heare)
The Girle is not compos'd of adamant
Or flint, but of a supple and kinde nature,
And loues you too? *Luc.* O my deare friend *Neander*,
Shall I doe this to thee? to such a friend?

Ant. Oh I am vndone. Farewell.

ACT. I. SCENE 5.

Lucius in insidiis, Pandora. Neander.

Luc. But see *Pandora*.

Oh how amaz'd and suddaine is the flight
Of all the spirits of darkenesse, when the day
But shewes her face! *Pan.* What if I take this way?
It may be I shall finde them in the gaue,
Whither they oft resort — but stay, perchance
They may be in the harbour that doth looke
Into the Forrest. *Luc.* Oh ye immortall Gods!
Why did ye suffer those vaine Lunaticke Poets
So much to antedate the workes of nature,
Who living many ages since did write
I know not what of many Nymphs and Graces,
Muses and Syrens? they are meere fables all;
With my *Pandora* they had all their birthes,
And when she dyes they'l perish with her. *Pan.* Ah!
How like vnto this Dazy was I once
Whilst I did live recluce! my innocent heart
Like to this little Globe of gold, enclos'd
Within the whitenesse of my thoughts, was safe
From all the violence that Loue, or shame
His childe could doe: but when his warmer beames
Displaid that Ivory guard, and laide me open
Vnto the tyrannie of his assaults,
I was — but I will fighe out all the rest.

Ah *Lucius*. *Luc.* Oh happy name! *Pan.* Why *Lucius*?
Neander is as deare to me as hee.

Dost thou not blush to speak, * thou shame of women?
But here he comes, I will addresse my selfe.

Enter Nean.

With all the winning Graces that I haue

To entertaine him. *Luc.* Tis my friend *Neander*.

Nean Faire Nymph, God saue you. *Pan.* Dearest loue *Neander*.

The welcom'st man aliue. *Nean.* Nay but sweete Lady
Forbeare th' encounter. *Pan.* Whether dost thou turne
So cruelly from her that loues thee more

Then her owne soule? are you not well good Sir?

Nean. You see I walke, looke fresh, and laugh. (ha, ha, he)
Symptomes of one that is not very sicke,

The Riuall Friends.

Pan. But am I thus despis'd: *Nean.* You're troublesome?
Ha, ha, he, tis pretty, very pretty
* How scurviely doth sorrow laugh? (ha, ha, he) *aside.*
Most excellent, beyond compare (ha ha, he)
Why doe you follow mee?

I doe not sell *complexion* Lady, nor
Haue the art to cure the *tympany*
I haue no great deuotion to the *sub?*
Nor the *hot house*, as yet, what are you rampant?

Pan. But pray thee speake *Neander*, am I so
Deformed growne of late, for to deserue
All this neglect? *Nean.* What shall I answere? Madam?
If you haue spoke all that you meane to speake
And haue no greater businesse, I desire
I may crane pardon, I must take my leaue,
I haue affaires expect mee. O misery!
That which I long for most, I fly from farthest
Where shall I find my *Lucius*?

ACT. I. SCE. 6.

Lucius. Pandora. Neander.

Luc. What is hee gone?

Pan. *Lucius*, were you so nigh, and not discouer'd?
All haile, but whither in such haste my loue?
If thou dost loue mee stay a little. *Luc.* Loue you?
Now all the God forbid it. I loue you?

My better *Angell* guard mee from such a sinne.

Should I loue you, a *Theife*? *Pan.* A *theife*? *Luc.* A *theife*

I and the worst of *Theiues*—— * Villaine thou liest. *aside.*

Pan. But why a *Thiefe*? Speake. *Nean.* My diuining soule
Tels mee that *Lucius* is not farre from hence. *Rede in sce-*

Ha! it is he, I will obserue a little

nam Neander.

Luc. Lady, Ile tell you, since you dee so long
To heare your praytes trumpeted to the world,
First, thou hast rob'd thy *Father*, thine owne *Father*,
Of all that little stock of vertue and goodnesse
VVhich nature gaue him, and (most couetous)
Hast powr'd it to thy greater heape; besides
Thou hast vn-don thy *Sister*, stolne from her
All that was beaustifull and lowely in her;

The Rinall Friends.

That faire maiestick straighnesse which attracts
The eyes of thousands to admire, Was hers;
Those roses buds that open on your cheekes
Were cropt out of her garden; vpon her ruines
Is that faire *Edifice* of thine erected:
Last, thou hast stolne from mee and from *Neander*
(Which are not two that haue deseru'd the worst
Of thee in all the world) our happiness
All our content, our ioy, our very selues.

You see how amiable a creature you are,
How well deseruing loue. Should I loue you?
I'de first embrace a *Succubus*, court the plague,
Or kisse a cloude that's big with lightning— (heavens, *Aside.*
Haue yee no thunderbolts in store to strike
This sacrilegious head that thus blasphememes
One of your dearest pieces? —) I loue you?
Whose face drest vp in that same innocent lamne
Shoues like a dunghill set about with Lillies?
* (Thou art a periur'd wretch) — should I loue you? *Aside.*
Whose eyes are like two fired barrells set
Vpon a Beacon onely to astonish *Aside.*
And fright the neighbouring people — * (oh my heart!
It is a hundred thousand miles betwixt

Thee and my tongue) — what doe you meditate on?

Pan. The nearest way vnto the graue. *Luc.* The graue?
If thou wouldst haue the shortest cut to hell,
To that same receptacle of black soules,
(Where such as dye for loue doe walke in shades
As darke as were their thoughts, whilst they liu'd here)
Lend me thy hand and I will shew it thee.

Pan. Let it be speedy then good *Lucius*.

Luc. Why, thou art at thy iourneyes end already.

Pan. Where's that? *Luc.* 'Mongst the departed soules, below
Where the dire furies haue their habitation,
'Tis in this breast. *Pan.* Why dost not open then
And let me in? — Oh if they liue so here,
Farewell for euer to the vpper world.

Nean. Ha? does he embrace her? sure it cannot be.

Luc. Away thou prostitute, immodest, goe.

Nean. Who is't dares say I must not loue this man?

Luc.

Luc. Or you, or I must leave this place. *Pan.* Stay *Lucius*.
 'Tis I that will be gone, the most unhappy
 Of all, on whom nature hath written woman;
 Forsaken *Constantina*, thou and I
 Will have a *Dialogue* in teares anon. *Exit.*

Luc. *Neander*. *Nean.* *Lucius*! They embrace and so goe out.

ACT. I. SCEN. 7.

Linely. His boy. 6 Suiters to *Mistress Vrsely*.

Lin. I, I, loue on, ha, ha, he, and see what yee will get
 By that at last, I'll loue my selfe, my selfe, ha, ha, he,
 This day old *Linely* thou art iust fourescore,
 Quickly some Sack, I haue not yet baptized
 Mine eyes this morning as I vse to doe.
 Why boy? ha, ha. I am as lusty now,
 As full of actiue spirits, as when I wore
 But twenty on my back, ha, ha, he, this laughing
 Surely's restorative aboue your gold,
 Or all your dearer drugges. The very thought
 How quaintly I shall gull my expecting Schollers
 My *Neophytes* that gape to heare the newes * *Gan.* Filpot passes
 When I shall nod into the graue, does adde ouer into *Iustice*
 Such vigour to me, that I do not feele *Hookes house, as*
 Not feele the ground I stand vpon. * But see ter him *Tem.* All
 More Suiters still — * Now they begin to flock.

Arth. Arm. Sir if I may aduise you wade no farther * *Then Arth.*
 Into this buynesse, but desist; I haue *Armst. and*
 A promise (I'll assure you) from the *Iustice.* *Zeal.* Know.

Zealous Kn. Sir I may vse the same words vnto you
 I haue a promise too, but yesterday
 My Father did present him with a horse
 Of *Robin red-breast's* getting — * by your leaue.

Art. Ar. Nay Sir come on, if you be good at that. — * *They*
strine

Lin. You haue a promise. Go. a-mercy horse. ha, ha, he. who
 These and some dozen more doe dayly haunt *shall go*
 This *Cormorants* houle, and all (good men) pretend *first in*
 It is pure loue vnto his crooked daughter *to her*
 That drawes them thither, when there's not one of 'em *house.*
 That would vouchsaie her a looke, nay hardly a thought
 Vnlesse it were for to contemne her; but

There

There is a thing they call a *Parsonage*
 An impropriate *Parsonage* which th'well giuen Matrons
 Haue rescued from the *Laisie*, and returns
 After my death vnto the Church, which lining
 The *Iustice* here has sold them, but reseruing
 The first donation for himselfe, with which
 He intends to put his foolish daughter off
 'Twas once my brothers land, but this same *Hookes*
 By a golden bayte did pluck it from him: well,
 It is no matter, I haue my life in it. Ha, ha, he.
 But I will cheate them all, will cozen them.

Enter Boy with a glasse of Sack.

Why Boy. Boy. Here Sir. *Liu.* Well said my hony, well said.
 Oh how it smiles vpon mee! (hum hum) giue it mee
 This is mine *Antidote* 'gainst the *Sisbe* of time.
 He that desires to liue, let him doe thus ——— *Hee drinks.*
 Drinke Sack i'th morning. Boy, another cup.
 How now? another? see how he prunes himselfe. *Enter Stutch.*

Stutch. Boy, there's a *teston* for you, see you looke
 Well to my Nagge ——— I must be generous now.
 But let me see, I will accost him thus.
 Sir if it pleate your worship ——— (it must be so)
 These Country *Iustices* doe loue a life
 For to be worshipped at euery word,
 I come now from my Lady. *Liu.* (And you may
 Returne againe vnto her *Ladisship*
 And tell her that old *Linely* is not yet
 Intended for to dye. *Stutch.* And doe desire
 That as you shall approue of my good parts ———
 Well 'twill doe ——— now I will knock ———
 But I will open and enter, 'tis a *Solacismo*
 For to be *modest* in such busineses.

The Boy with another glasse of Sack.

Liu. Well done my Squire o'th bottles, stand you there.
 Sir I doe come now from my Lady, ha, ha, he,
 And doe desire, that as you shall approue
 Of my good parts ——— ha, ha, he ——— *He drinks.*
 Well take the glasse, and get you home, hum, hum, hum.

Hug. If I can winne the Girle, I'le find a trick
 For to dispatch old *Linely* presently *Enter Hugo*
Obligation.
 And

The Riuall Friends.

And with much ease ; a peice of bread and a pinne
Will doe the cure, or else an honest burro
Laps up in butter. *Lin.* Here's a precious rogue,
Oh it is *Hugo Obligation*
The precise Scriuener, that these three yeares space
Has laboured for orders, this same villaine
Sure is the likeliest man to carry her——

Hugo. But see where *Linely* stands, Ile not be scene. *Exit.*

Lin. Being one whom he does vse in all his *Covenants*,
But i'lle out liue them all, the Knaues. Ile now
Goe tast a bowle of pure refined ayre
Vpon yond hill. *Exit.*

ACT. I. SCE. 8.

Anteros. Loucal.

Ant. Yet stay a little, who is this? hee's gone.
Once more the coast is cleare, now i'lle aduenture
Towards the Shepheards doore: not farre from hence
Hid in a thicket I haue prouided for me
A Shepheards robes, these, if I can preuaile
With this same *Stripes* for to vndertake
A Seruant of my commendation,
Will I streight leape into, and so remaine
Disguis'd with him, for (as I vnderstand)
The family doth consist of himsele and's dog,
As for his wife shee seldome is at home
Being a famous *Midwife*. Blessed house!
Surely in such a place *Hippolytus*
Did hunt away his solitary howers.
But I forget (tick tock) why Shepheard, *Stripes*. How?
Not yet awake? *Lon.* Is not this *Anteros*? *Enter Loucal.*

Ant. How I was dealt withall by nature when
Shee moulded this same lump of clay together,
And season'd it with soule, I know not, but
Let mee get out o'th world with obloquy
If euer I could find in all the herd
Of woman-kind yet so much excellence
As could procure a sigh, or kindle in mee
The least sparke of a desire. *Lon.* Tis he, his phrase
Betrayes him. *Ant.* I confesse like *Whelps* or *Kittlings*

Whilst they are young, and suck, and doe not know
The use of tongue, they're pretty creatures, and
They may be look'd vpon without the danger
Of either *foole* or *vomit*. — but — *Low.* But —

VVell Sir *Ruffian*, I hope to see this *Blasphemy* of yours against
that feathered *Deity* le t home with a shatt in your bosome for
interest crelong. *Ant.* VVhat my little *ubiquitary Loneall*?
my *Page* of the *Smock*? my *commodity* about *faires*? my *Courte*
Shuttlecocke? tost from one Lady to an other? The *Kernell* of thy
gloue sweete lack. *Low.* Take shell and all.

Ant. Why here's a *Parcell* of *mans flesh* of another temper
now, that has the art of placing his affections wisely,
can loue one because shee's *saire*, a second because shee's *modest*,
and has his *packets* of reasons in readinesse too; if he meetes
with a *Wanton Girle*, that property takes him, there is
hope of *actiuity*, shee will not fill a bed like *Pygmalions*
Image before hee sacrificed to *Venus*: if shee bee *rude*, and
ignorant, her harmelesse *simplicity* catches him; he loues this for
the gracefull *writhing* of her neck; another because she can *vayle*
her *borrowed* teeth neatly with her *Fanno* when shee *venters* at
laughter: nothing can scape him, euery part of woman is full
of *limetwigs* to him: which though it bee an humour contrary
to mine, who care for none, yet I like it farre about your *whining*
constancy as saouering more of the *Man*. *Low.* True. For
why should I confine my loue to one Circle? we see that labo-
rious creature the *Bee*, which is often set before vs for a *Coppy*
of industry, not alwayes *droaning* vpon one flower, but as soone
as shee has suckt the sweetnesse from one, throwes her little
ayrie body vpon a second, and so to a third, till at last she comes
home with her thighes laden with that *pretty spoyle*.

An. VVell said my *Loneall*, I perceiue thou wilt neuer dye
for loue then. *Low.* No, If I doe, let me lye when I am dead
by that *Cynick* Philosopher with a staffe in my hand, to fright
the beafts and fowles from my vnburied carkasse. —

But is there any newes I pray thee growne

Vp in this country since I went to court?

Ant. O *santo epin*.

First *Cleopes* your sisters *Louer* —

Low. VVhat? he is not dead I hope? *Ant.* I would he were.
He gone, has forsooke her. *Low.* How? *Ant.* And she forsooth
Since his departure has betooke her selfe.

Vnto a weyle, silence, and teares; in which
Monastick habit shee does spend her dayes.

I doe but tell you by tradition Sir,
 Not from my selfe; but this I can assure you,
 It is with vs the *Parentthesis* of eating.

Lon. Ther's nothing man within mee. After such vowes?
 Such protestations? but the Gods make *Loneall*
 No creature, if he does not suffer for't,
 Buy this disloyalty of his, at a deare rate.

Ant. Can you be quiet? next your faire Kinswoman
 Sweete Mistris *Vrsly* (who without all question
 Was *Kiulin* to *Nib*, o'th *Queene of Faries Kitchen*,
 Sent to your Vncle for a *Newyeeres* gift
 Vpon exchange by the *Else*) has the *Parsonage*
 Old *Linely* liues in hung on her crooked back;
 With which faire baite, your good and vertuous Vncle
 Does angle for some young and hungry *Scholler*,
 And daily expects the taking of the *Gudgeon*.
 This very houre no lesse then 6 or 7
 Are nibling at it, but the *hook* is seene;
 Your Vncle is not cunning in his fishing,
 And so I pray you tell him —

Lon. But stay *Anteros*.

I haue discover'd (vnlesse mine eyes deceiue me)
 A stranger thing then is all this you told mee,
 What's that i' your hatt? tis not a *Valentine*
 I hope? *Ant.* But I haue got a counter hope
 Against that hope of yours; I hope it is.

Lon. But art thou turn'd a Louer? hast thou got
 A Mistris? thou a Mistris? let me see
 That I may worship that great name, that has
 Begot this miracle in thee. *Ant.* Away,
 Keepe backe those common eyes, they be prophane.

Lon. By all the lips of honour I must see't.

Ant. Come you haue learn'd such *persum'd* oathes at Court,
 By all their *Feather-men* and *Tire-Women*,
 Boxes of *fucus*, cabinets for cernisse —
 Nay looke you now — not for a million.

Lon. For a farre lesser summe sweete Sir nay come
 I must and will. *Ant.* Death! what a mad man's this?

The 'Rinall Friends.

I will goe visite my two creatures and
Prepare them for the Combat.

Finis Actus Primi.

The Song.

Cupid if a God thou art,
Transfix this Monsters stubborne heart.
But if all thy shafts be flowne,
And thy quiver empty growne,
Here be Ladies that haue eyes
Can furnish thee with new supplies.
Yet Winged Archer doe not shoot at all,
'Tis pittie that hee should so nobly fall.

ACT. 2. SCEN. I.

*Stipes making of himselfe ready with his Sheepe-hooke in
his hand. Mistris Vrsely, Merda.*

Sis. Heigh hoe —

'Tis a fine morning this as I haue seene,
And a most early Spring — but daughter *Merda*,
Why *Merda* I say, why daughter *Merda*, what,
Haue not the *Fleas* yet made a breakefast of you?
You'le rite? or doe you meane that *Mistris Vrsely*
Shall take you in your bed? shee'l not be long
Ere she be here — Oh me! shee's here already.
Why *Merda*, *Merda* I say, goe to,
I, I by'r Lady.

*Mrs. Vrsely
enters.*

Vrs. Fa, la, la, la, I haue found six Checkstones in my She sings.
Father's yard, all in my Father's yard, and now I
Will goe see if *Merda* will play with me —
Oh *Stipes*, where is your daughter *Merda*?

*Sis. Oh sweet Mistris Vrsely, oh that I were a young
Scholler now for your sake; ha, this is shee that
The beggers fight for: come on i' faith young Mistris,
Which of all the blackcoates doe you loue best?*

*Vrs. Blackcoates? I care not this for any of them,
I ne're will loue any but Anteros;
But pray you Stipes call your daughter Merda,
Is she not yet?*

Sti. Merda, will you come? or doe you long vntill
I fetch you out — At length forsooth: are *Enter Merda.*
You not asham'd of this you great *Mankin* you?

Vrs. Oh Merda, will you play at *Chackstones* with me?

Sti. Where is your answer, and your curt'sie *Mayden*?
If it please you forsooth, say.

Mer. If it please you *forsooth* say.

Sti. Say? thou filthy *harlotry*, thou;
Oh here's a *Girl* brought vp most daintily;
Well was it not for shame I'de take you vp —

He offers.

Mer. Father, good Father, forgiue me but this once, I'll neuer
Doe so any more.

Vrs. *Stripes*, you shall forgiue her,
I'll make my Father take his house from you,
And the *North close*, vlesse —

Sti. Thanke your young *Mistris*; young *Mistris* I
Doe thanke you say.

Mer. Young *Mistris* I doe thanke you say.

Sti. Again? but oh the *diggers*!
What doe I see? My *Sheepe* haue quite *disgrast*
Theyr bounds, and leap't into the *seuerall*.
Whu, whu, why *Scab*, the last, the last, there *scab*
'Tis the best *Curte*

That euer mumbled *crust*.
How daintily he catcht that *Sherehogge*! there,
So, so, au, au: why so; haup, haup, you roague
But I will follow him.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 2.

Mistris Vrsely. Merda.

Vrs. Come Merda, will you play now?

Mer. No, I wo't vlesse you'll giue me those *bracelets*.

Vrs. Take them.

Mer. And your *gloues* to.

Vrs. Heere, fa, la, la.

Mer. Stay while I put them on though.

Vrs. What shall we play for?

Mer. Two *pinnes* a game.

Vrs. Stake then: heigh ho *Anteros*!

Mer. How many shall we make vp?

Vrs. One and thirty.

Mer. Will you haue *Winter*, or *Summer*?

Vrs. — *Summer* — no *Winter*.

Hi, *Winter*, *Winter*, *Winter*.

Mer. But you said *Summer* first, I wo'nt play.

Vrs. Au, but I said *Winter* afterward though.

Mer. Begin then.

Vrs. One —

Mer. So, so, you toucht the other stone, now I must play.

Vrs. Youly, I did not touch it.

Mer. Youly, you did touch it, and you shal haue no pins here.

Vrs. Sh'ant I for but I will though; doe you scratch *huffie*?

Mer. I that I will scratch, and bite too.

Vrs. Giue me my gloues, and bracelets againe.

Mer. You may goe looke 'vm, I wo'nt, as long as you gaue Them me. Giue a thing, and take a thing.

That's the *Devills* gold-ring.

Vrs. Well if I don't tell my Father of this, you *Pass* you.

Mer. You *Monkey*.

Vrs. You *Bastard*.

Mer. Doe you abuse one's friends you *lade* you?

Vrs. And you call me *lade* you are a *Whore*.

Mer. Doe you call *Whore*?

Vrs. I that I will call *Whore*, well, well, the next time That you eat any *Cheefecakes* at our house You shall haue better luck shall you.

Mer. Your *Cheefecakes*? we haue as good of our owne.

Vrs. Au, hau you shall nere make no *durt pyes* With me in our *Barne huffie*.

Mer. Who cares? then you shall gather no more *Violets*, nor *Primerozes* in our *Clofe*.

Vrs. Your *Clofe*? I'll gather there in spight of your teeth. It is my Fathers *Clofe*, so it is, so it is: Your Father does but hire it — Oh here he comes Here he comes, here comes my Father, Now you shall see.

Mer. Au but I'll runne home.

ACT. 2. SCENE 3.

Iustice Hooke, the six Suitors, Mistress Vrsely, Linoly.

Hooke. Come on, I am not of that ranke of *Patrons*

Which

The Rival Friends.

Which set to sale the livings of the *Church*.

(Oh are you here my daughter? wipe your nose;)

I take no bonds in *secret*, sell no horse

For his price *centuple*, nor doe I send

The eager suiters up unto my *Lady*,

That she might judge which is the *better* gifted.

(Sir if your father will be bound to pay

Hee takes

The *first yeeres revenues*, you are the man shall speed, *Stuc. aside.*

A *reservation* of mine owne tithes too

Must be concluded on before you haue it)

But as a true lover of vertue, doe

Chuse rather to conferre a double good

Then the least dammage on the man I deale with.

Behold my young and tender daughter here;

I doe confesse shee's not the rarest *piece*

That ever nature *drew*, nor is it fit

That such as you, who either are, or should be

Wedded unto your *Bookes*, should haue a *lord*

And *clamorous* beautie to disturbe your *studies*.

You need not feare the *thought* of her *perfections*

Will call you from a *piece* of *Greece* to reade

Miracles in her face. Hold up your head, *Enter Linely.*

And tell me now which of this goodly troupe

You haue most mind to, for on him will I

Bestow old *Linely's Parsonage*, and thee

In Marriage.

Line. Excellent, excellent good, ha, ha, he.

Vrse. I will haue *Anteros*, *Terpanders* sonne.

Hoo. Let me not heare another syllable,

You peevish girle, you; you haue *Anteros*?

What doe you weepe? no more: come on your wayes,

And sit you downe here by me, while your *Suiters*

Explaine themselves and their good parts before you.

Vrs. Father, huff, huff, I will none of those two men

With the *short haire*, doe what you can I will not.

Hoo. Why so my daughter? peace.

Vrs. Huff, huff, —because I know

As well as can be by their lookes, that they

Cannot containe themselves within an houre,

And you doe know I cannot hold my wa —

The Rival Friends.

Hoo. Peace thou most arrant foole, before your wooers
Thus to proclaime your *imperfections*?

Live. Ha, ha, he : another bout with my conserues for that;
This *box* shall add three moneths unto my life, *He eats con-*
And this same slice of *Quinces* seven. I, I, *sexues.*
Begin to pleade, doe, doe.

Zeal. My sweetest Mistresse, *This fellow speaks*
I will divide this my Oration *thorow the nose.*
Just into three and thirtie parts, all which
With your vouchsafed patience at this time
I will runne through.

Hoo. The *candle* of the day
Will burne within the *socket*, ere thou'lt done;
I pray thee leaue.

Zeal. No sir, I will not leaue;
I am not yet arrived at the *point*.

Gan. And he doth use to tyre all his hearers.

Hoo. Oh; he hath don't already, don't already..

Zeal. Besides all this ———

Hoo. Now out upon his lungs,
My dinner will bee spoyl'd, the *capon* burnt,
The *beeefe* as blacke as mummy; this mans breath
Will blast them all.

Live. Ha, ha, he.

Hoo. Hast thou ta'ne Orders fellow?

Zea. If't please you, no.

Hoo. Did'st e're preach?

Zea. Onely one Sermon sir
For *approbation* to a *female Audience*.
But I haue heere letters of *commendation*
From seventeene honest men of good report
Amongst their neighbours.

Hoo. Spare your paines good sir.

Tem. As for my selfe, sayre Gentlewoman,
I cannot but inveigh against these times
Wherein ———

*This is
hoarse.*

Hoo. What sayes hee?

Arth. If it please your Worship,
Ha's lost his voyce with rayling against *Bishops*,
And the sayre *discipline* of the Church.

Hee. Oh

The Rivall Friends.

Hoo. Oh villaine,
Command him silence.

Stach. 'Tis a courtesie fir
You inflict upon him, tis not a punishment.

Gan. The holy *Matrons* now will rob their husbands
To contribute to the afflicted *Saint*.

Live. And think they merit in it. But no more;
I will goe gull them all, and presently. —

o — o — o — o — oo — ooo —

The longest day I see will haue his evening,

o — o — o — oo — o — ooo —

Hoo. But see old *Linely*; stand close and obserue.

Liu. O! now the wisht for minute does approach
Which I so long haue wayted for, and not I
Alone—but let them now enjoy their wishes.

o — o — oo — ooo —

I feele my heart-strings crack, and the whole lump
Groanes for a speedy dissolution.

Ho. How's this? but yesterday he was in's *sacke*,
Told me he hop'd to liue to eate a *Goose*
Which graz'd upon my *grane*: so suddenly?

Liu. Haue I no friends about me? must I goe
Out of the world in private thus? from home?
Without one friend to take his leaue of me?
Kind *Iustice Hooke*, O that good man *Mr. Hooke*.

Hoo. Peace, not a word: what does he name me for?

Liu. Would thou wast here, but to participate
Of my last dying breath, I would pronounce thee
Mine *heyre* in totall.

Hoo. Beare witnesse Gentlemen —
Good *Mr. Linely*, 'lasse how fares it with you?

Liu. Whoe's that names me?

Hoo. He whom you ask'd for,
Sacriledge Hooke.

Liu. *Sacriledge Hooke's* mine *heyre*,
And so farewell thou, false and flattering world.

Arth. Alasse hee's dead.

he falls down
as if he were
dead.

Ho. Peace, not so lowd for feare you call him back.
Yee all can beare me record I'me his *heyre*.

All. Wee can

The Rivall Friends.

Hoo. Why *Robert, Oliver,*
Runne to the Church immediately, and cause
The bell bee tould with speed: old Mr. *Linely*
Is newly dead—Alas, I can but weepe
To view this spectacle of mortalitie,
And I haue cause to spend some teares for him— ha ha he.

Arth. I doubt he is not fully dead yet Patron,
Shall I make sure work with him? giue him a knock?

Hoo. Offer no violence vnto the dead
I charge you, 'tis as bad as *sacriledge,*
Which I haue alwayes hated.

Line. So has the *Deuill.*

Gan. Sweet Mistris *Vrsely.*

Zeal. Fairest Lady.

Temp. Stay,
No haste good sir.

Arth. But by your leaue sweet sir.

Hu. Tis I haue right unto her, shee's a creature,
And you are one o'th *wicked*

Stutch. Out thou rascall that liv'st upon thy *rayling;*
Good Mistris *Vrsely,* — *They all lay hold*
I haue a share therein. *on her.*

Mrs Vrsely. VVhy father, father,
O me, me, me, they'le pull mee into peeces;
O my hand, O my arme, my arme, O my backe.

Line. Ha, ha, he.

Hoo. Forbeare this rudenesse gentlemen, my daughter
Shall haue her choyce; these are not wayes to gaine her,
They must bee gentle, soft behaviours
That winne a woman, not such *boysterous Rhetoricke.*—
But hark e, the bell doth toll: I'le presently
Goe seize upon his goods and *chattell;* *Lin.* Ha? *he rises.*
And will you so? but I doe know a trick
VVorth twenty of that.— I pray good M. *Hook,*
VVhom to! Is this bell for?

Hoo. Oh! for my hopes,
VVhat does hee *line* againe?

Lu. And *lines* to laugh at thee, and at thy basenesse,
Covetous wretch. Ha, ha, he.

Sir, as I take it I may change my will. Ha, ha, he.

The Rivall Friends.

Hoo Oh what a knaue is this? a ranke old knaue?
A stinking knaue? a knaue in graine? fie, fie,
That I should thus bee gulld? follow me daughter,
And you Gentlemen.

Luc. Ha, ha, ha, Away you Ravens,
I'll make yee all goe barefoot yee young villaines.
Hee beats them in with his staffe.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 4.

Linely solus.

But let mee now *muster* my wits together
Call all my fancies into *ranke*, and place
Each severall quirke of this my working braine
In its true *file*. — 'Tis an unheard of loue,
A *miracle of Friendship* this, for two young men,
In th' *exaltation* of their bloods, both *Rivals*
In *such a beantie*, for to plot and sweat
How to be *miserable*, that's how to place
His friend in the fruition of his Loue;
'Tis not within the compasse of a faith.
This morning each of them entreated me
In private, that I would invent some way
To winne the whole affection of *Pandora*
Not for himselfe, but for his friend: which is
(Though in another *Idiome*) as if
They should haue said, get me a comely rope
My *Bully Linely*, and hang me up, or else
Provide mee an ounce or two of *Mercury*,
Which I will take in posset drinke and dye.
But *Lucius* is the man whom I desire
To pleasure most, therefore I now haue counsaill'd
Neander for to counterfeit a wedding,
Which being fancied true by *Lucius*
And the *indifferent* Gentlewoman, might cause
A speedy marriage 'twixt his friend and her.
This does he swallow, and now there nothing wants
But — ha? what's here to doe? what Boy is this?
That *Stripes* thus dragges after him?

The Rivall Friends.

A C T. 2. S C E. 5.

Lively, Stipes, Constantina, Merda.

Sti. Why quickly *Merda*, bring me a chaire out quickly. —
O O you villaine. — Why when? — So, so, go to, go to,
Tarry you still my daughter,
That you may heare some of your Fathers wisedome. —
Come on you *Crack-rope*, what is your businesse, pray you,
To lurke thus in my Masters grounds? you are
A scout? one that discovers are you not?

Line. It is a pretty *Lad*, and being drest
May easilie passe for *Woman*. Well Ile marke

Sti. O you're a *stubborne gallowes*, you will answere?

Con. O mee vnfortunate; what shall I say?

Sti. Heigh!

*Merda plays
with babes
clouts.*

An ill yeere on you, you great *Maukin* you,
Making of *Puppets*? one of your age and *breeding*?
You haue an *Husband* Minion? you a *rodde*. —
But to returne againe vnto the purpose,
Where dwell you *sirrah*? will you not answere me?
Come on your wayes, I'll haue you to my Master. —

Con. Vnhappy wretch! what shall I answere him?
Nay good Sir stay, I'll tell you: oh how I tremble —

Sti. Then quickly *Sirrah*.

Con. Lest this robustious Clowne
Should hale me 'fore my Vncle in this habit.

Sti. What's that you mutter on? you haue a trick
To say your prayers backwards? haue you not?

Line. This *Lad* is mine, I'll take him from the Shecpheard.

Con. Not farre from hence I had both friends and parents.
(Howsoeuer now I want) but cruell *Fates*
Haue enuied them their liues, and me my friends.

Line. It shall be so, I'll make a contract straight
Betwixt *Neander* and this Boy. Now *Stipes*,
God saue you.

Sti. *Salve Domine*. But why put you your *Sickle*
Into my *Haruest* thus? go to, go to,
You're troublesome — well *Sirrah*.

Line. Well *Sirrah*? Slaue,
Thou *unpollish'd* piece of *clay*, how dar'st thou thus

Vncivilly vse a young Gentleman
Whose friends and kindred I haue knowne to bee
VVorthy of more respect then thou of scorne,
VVhich both come neare to infinite? *Sti.* Very good.
And doe you know his friends and kindred then?

Eine. VVould thou didst know thy *bettors* halfe so well,
Vntutourd dunghill.— In what state you sit? *He ouerthrowes*
Stand vp, or else Ile make thee lye for euer. *Stipes, chaire & al.*

Sti. Are you in earnest or in jest? *Line.* How thinke you?

Stip. You great *Rigs-norton* you, doe you stand still *Hee*
And see your *onely Father* wrong'd thus? ha? — *strikes her,*
VVell, if I doe not fit your cap for this

(If it be made of wooll) when you tithe Lambes,
I'le neuer goe to *Church* more, if th' whole flocke
Has any worse then other t'shall goe hard
But some of them shall fall vnto your lot.

Con. Alasse I doubt he knowes me
His eyes so dwell vpon me. *Line.* Come my boy,
VVhat will you goe with me? *Con.* Thankes to my starres;
He knowes me not. *Stip.* Boy will you dwell with mee?
Thou shalt haue dumpling Boy, enough, and Bacon
Shall be so deepe in fatt, that thou maist wade
Vp to the chinne in lard: Salute your Master.

Mer. And kisse your masters daughter that's the next
Thing you must practise. *Line.* You his Master, *Hempseed?*

Mer. Truly me thinkes I could e'ne loue this Boy
'Tis such a *pretty thing*; Father, I pray you
Good Father, let him dwell with vs. *Sti.* No more,
Peace, so he shall. *Line.* Hands off you lease of *Sheepe-skinnes.*

Con. No, I will dwell with this old Gentleman.

Line. Well said, sweet youth. *Con.* But on this condition,
That you will vse me like a Gentleman
Of *qualitie* and *worth*, for I must tell you
With reares, how e're my fortunes are dejected
Now, I doe come of no meane house nor blood.

Line. Feare not my boy, thou shalt haue cause to thanke me:
Follow: my maids shall presently vnpage him,
And hang woman on his backe. *Con.* But I doe hope *aside*
That some kind *God* or other will find out
Some meanes for my escape; if not (I'ue sayd it)

The Rivall Friends.

This hand shall make a passage for my soule
To leaue this body. *Line.* Boy, doe you come? *Con.* I come.
Exeunt Linely and Constan. *Merda plays*

Sir. VVhat is he gone? — hi-day! what againe? *with babies*
Let me be hang'd, my *dogge* and my whole *Familie,* *clouts*
My *Wife* and all, I'll put her in, if I *againe.*
Doe not so 'flit your buttockes Minion;
He breake you of this trade of *making children*
Before your *time,* if I can find a *willow*
VVithin a mile of an *Oake.* *Exit*

Mer. VVhat shall I do? oh what shall I do? what shall I do?
My father's gone to get a rod, what shall I doe?
Oh, oh, here comes my mother. —

A C T. 2, S C E. 6.

Pandora, Placenta, Merda.

Pan. *Placenta,* you haue heard my cares, my griefes
And which hath caus'd them all, you know my loue,
Now by those tender yeeres, by that first raye
Of blessed light these infant eyes recei'd
Vpon those vigilant knees, I doe conjure thee
For sake me not in these my miseries

Mer. Mother, Mother, Mother, what shall I doe?

Pla. What newes with you, you *sayrie brat?* you *changeling?*
Daughter to Madam *Pusse* the kitchin mayd,
Take that and get you in, or He — — *She beats her.*

Mer. Vm vm, vm. *Pla.* Will you not stirre?
Carry that chaire in with you *Milderkin.* *Exit Merda.*

Pla. What would you haue me do? *Pan.* Y'au'e heard my sick-
Tis the *physician* must prescribe the *medicine* *(nesse,*
And not the *patient.* *Pla.* Will it suffice
If ere the Sunne does set you doe embrace
One of your Lovers? *Pan.* By all my vowes it will;
Nor am I much solicitous in the *choyce,*
So I haue *one.* *Pla.* But I must haue your helpe,
You must not meereely be a patient
In this same plot; can you dissemble thinke you?

Pan. I am a *woman,* and may learne in time.

Pla. Well

Pla. Well then 'tis thus : you see your pampered Louers
(Like two fat Oxen in a Stall) stand *blowing*
Vpon their meat, are nice forsooth, and squeamish,
Will not fall to, because they're cloyd with *dainties*,
The onely way for to procure them stomacks,
Is to withdraw their *fodder*; take your loue
Before their eyes, and giue it to another,
Or seeme to doe at least, 'twill fetch them back;
And make them lick their lips at you, scratch for you:
I know not by what Fate, but true it is,
Wee neuer prize ought right till the departure,
And then our longing's multiplied. Can you tayne
A loue vnto some other Gentleman?
And seeme quite to neglect them and their seruice?

Pan. I feare I cannot, 'tis too hard a *Province*:
But what will this aduantage me I pray you?

Pla. So much, as nothing you can doe, will more.
A Louer's like a *Hunter*, if the *game*
Be got with too much *ease* hee cares not for't;
Shee that is *wise* in this our *wayward* age
VWill keepe her Louers *sharpe*, make them to ceize
Vpon a *firebrand* for meat. — What say you?

Pan. Why I will try I say. *Pla.* Try? Oh that I
Had but that *beauty* in my *managing*,
In-faith I would not part with a *good looke*

Vnder a *brace* of *Tons*. *Pan.* Indeepe *Placenta*
As you are now, you'd neede to sell them deare,
It is a *rare* commodity, your Shop

Affords not many of them. *Pla.* For a *kisse*
I'de haue a *Lordship*; a whole *Patrimony*
For a *night's lodging*; Come, you Maydens now
Are grown too *kinde*, too *easie* in your fauours,
A few *smooth*, *oily*, verses now adayes
Bought of some *Poet*, and so iustly call'd
The *Gaillants* owne that tends them, where your *tresses*
Are termed *Sunbeames*, and your *rubie lips*
As *Ageated Nectar*, haue more power to winne you,
Then in my dayes two *veluet Petticoates*,
Or an hundred *acres* turn'd into *Taffaries*.

Speake, can you doe it? *Pan.* Sure I thinke I can,

If need require. *Pla.* It is enough, but see,
What *Stripping's* this comes here? Ha? 'tis most happily
This is *Enaymion Lucius* his Page.

ACT. 2. SCE. 7.

Endymion. Placenta. Pandora.

Endy. There's not a solitary walke, nor Groue
Wherein a Louer may retire himselfe
Free from the eyes of the prophane people,
But I haue trauers'd o're to finde my *Master*;
I haue not left a Spring *undquestioned*,
Or any spreading Oake, whole quauering toppe
Is but halfe *Phæbus* prooffe, nor can I heare
Ought of *Neander* his companion.

Pla. Pandora, this same Boy was sent on purpose
Vnto this place by some kinde *Nymph* or other
Inhabiting these Woods in meere compassion
Of thee and of thy miseries; wee could not
Haue studied for a better State then this:
Prepare your selfe to faine a loue vnto him.

Endym. But see *Placenta*, and my *Masters* Loue,
I will enquire of them. *Pla. Endymion*
Ali happinesse. *Endy.* As much to you *Placenta*.

Pan. And what to me? *Endy.* What you deserue faire *Lady*,
Which is aboue my wishes. *Pla.* But *Endymion*,
Pri'thee sweet Lad, let mee entreat a courtesie,
What Country-man are you? *Endy.* What Country-man?
An *English* man I take it. *Pla.* An *English* man?

I rather thinke thou art a *Russian*
Thou carryest such a *Winter* in thy breast.
How canst thou suffer such a *winning* beauty
To stand neglected? without a salutation?
Goe to, you shame-fac'd foole, goe kisse her, goe.

Endy. How kisse her? it does not become a seruant
To be so sawcie with his *Masters* Loue.

Pan. It rather not becomes *Endymion*,
A Youth of that same molde and symetry
To be so bashfull 'fore a Gentlewoman:
As for thy *Master* I disclaime his loue
As one vnworthy. *Endy.* How? disclaime his loue?

Pan.

The Riuall Friends.

Pan. And with his loue, all the whole world of men,
Except 'be thee *my soule*: why flyest thou mee?

Pla. Come on, Come on you little frozen-nothing,
I thinke wee must be fayne to make you take
Your *loue potion* in a *horne*, you are so *skittish*.

Endy. Nay but *Placenta*.—

Placenta holds his hands

Pan. O most redolent!

whiles *Pandora* kisses him.

Aurora's spiced bed is not more sweet,
Nor all the odours of the early *East*.

Endy. You do but mock me. *Pan.* How? but mock thee sweet?
By all the *Cupids* in thy face, I loue thee
Beyond th'expression of a womans tongue.

Pla. This was that *simple one* that could not counterfeit.

Pan. By this same nest of kisses I protest—
What would'st thou more? *Endy.* More of your protestations.

Pan. But canst thou loue me then? *Endy.* Indeed faire Lady
I doe not know, I am but newly enter'd

Into this louing trade. *Pla.* You are a *Wagge*:

Take her by th'hand and streine it gently, so. —

Now kisse her *fanne* and *figh*. — Good, excellent.

(Well I haue seene some Gallants in my dayes,

Though 'twas my fortune to be married,

To that same *lob* my husband, but no matter;)

Fy on this *modesty*, 'tis out of *fashion*,

Giue her a greene gowne quickly, shee will thanke you.

Endy. Will not as much *sattin* of the same colour
To make her on doe as well? *Pla.* Come, you'r a foole;
Downe with her, shee will discard you else,

As bashfull, and vnfit for *Ladies* seruice. — [*Pandora* slips downe
and pulls him after her]

Pan. Ay me! what meane you Sir? *Pla.* Why there, why so;—
Oh for *Neander* now and *Lucius*

To view this *spectacle*, this would crack that great

That strong and mighty bond of friendship, and

Make them both quarrell for her: nay *Endymion*,

As shee did pluck you downe, so 'tis your office

To take her vp, else shee'l forget her selfe

Good soule, and slumber there eternally. —

Pan. Now fie vp n you Sir, you've spoyl'd my linnen.

Pray Heauens no body saw vs: good *Placenta*

Recedifie what is amisse. *Pla.* Ail's well,

The Riuall Friends.

All's well, saue onely here does want a pin.

But stay I'll furnish you. ———

Yes, here's a knot molested too. ——— *Pan.* Faire Sir,
This may seeme *lightnesse* in mee. *Pla.* Rather *gravity*
Who naturally tend *downeward* thus. *Pan.* But Sir,
Let me entreat you for to entertaine

A better faith of her that is your seruant,

Give it the *right* name Sir, and call it *Loue*.

Endy. I'll call it what you please faire Gentlewoman.

Pla. Hee neuer thinks of's Master : well this Boy,
Must wee trayne farther with vs till wee meete

With our two *icy* Louers. Come *Pandora*

Will you entreate your fayrest *Aramour*

To accompany vs into the Grove? vve may

Perchance there meete his Master, whom hee seekes.

Pan. Sweet shall I craue? *Endy.* Not where you may comend

Pla. So far, 'e now go plant this *billiug couple* *Exeunt Pan.*
Vnder some pleasant tree, which done I'll goe *Endym.*

And range the fields for *Lucius* and *Neander*,

And bring them to behold their close embraces,

This certainly will make them hungry, and bite,

Waken their dull and sleepey appetite,

Vve neuer prize ought truly, thinke it deare,

Vntill the time of parting does draw neare. ——— *Exit.*

Finis. Actus Secundi.

The Song.

To the Ladies, Joy, delight,

And a seruant that dare fight;

No neede of painting, but a face

With perpetuity of grace.

To the Lords a gracious ye

If they haue a Mistress by.

To them both, more then all this,

Theyr Princes happnesse, and blisse.

ACT. 3. SCEN. I.

Anteros. M. Mungrell. Hammerstin. Loucall.

Ant. The day's our owne, we haue the Sun, the winde,
And all that can be call'd aduantages, beare vp.

Mung. As I'me a Gentleman, and an elder Brother —

Ante. Sr, not a word.

Mung. You wrong me Sir, I will sweare out my sweare, as I am a Gentleman I must, and will sweare.

Ant. Nay sweete Master *Mungrell*
Mistake me not, I doe not goe about,
For to deprivie you of that ornament,
That fashionable quality: I but entreat you,
For to bee frugal in your language, and,
To husband your *lungs*; you have an enemy
That will require them all, had you more oathes.

Mung. How? Doe you thinke I have no more? by my —

Ante. Oh, hold, hold, hold.

Mung. Nay, you shall heare mee, by —

Ante. stops
his mouth.

Ante. O, O, O.

Mung. By my — by — my indad law.

Ante. By my indad law, you'll spoyle all, why you'll spend
all before the time. But see your adversaries are at hand.
This is their *Captaine*, their *Conductor*. *Low.* Stay. *Enter Lowcall.*
*I*ue hit the very *punto* this same minute, and pulls out his
Do's cut the hower into two equall portions. *Watch.*

Ant. You that are growne a Time-observer, you
With that fine *pocket Saturne* in your hand;
Looke this way. *Low.* But are these your *Champions*?

Ant. They are my *Conquerours*, if you please: but where
are your *employments*?

Low. They'll bee here immediately.

Ant. No more. *Lowcall*, please you to take notice
Of these Gentlemen, they are of *ranke*, and my friends.

Low. Sweete Sir, my only wish is that my fortunes were but
of growth, to shew in what degree of honour, I hold any
whom you shall vouchsafe to call a friend. — I thirst to know
you Sir. *Ant.* Doe not sweare yet. *Mun.* Why so?

Ant. Nay as you please. *Mun.* Sir I desire you to pardon
me, I must not sweare yet, my *Generall* will give the word when
I must vent.

Ante. 'Tis no great matter, if you throw away *Cudnig*,
Or *be-wiggers*, or some such innocent oath upon him.

Mung. Say you so? [*The Scholler offers to salute Lowcall*

Ham. When will he come towards me? who regards him not?]

The Riwall Friends.

Lou. Sir may I know your name? *Mung.* My name Sir? why Sir? I am not ashamed of my name Sir. My name is Sir M. *Mung.* Sir. A poore elder brother Sir. And yet not very poore neither Sir. Heire to six, or seven hundred a yeare Sir. My father is a Gentleman Sir. I have an *Uncle* that is a *Iustice of Peace* Sir. I can borrow his white Mare when I please sir. She stood him in thirty peeces sir.

Lou. A Mungrell Sir? *Ant.* Only be sure you be not dash'd.

Lou. Ashamed of your name, say you? You come of a very great house, I'll assure you; I know many of the *Mungrels* that are able to dispend yeerely, more then I am willing to speake of at this time; and which keepe their Sonnes as Gentlemanlike, at the Innes o'th Court with as good cleathes on their backs, as rich belts, and as faire guilt rapieers, as the best Gentlemen o'the Land Sir—— O well said, come lift vp brauely now.

A C T. 3. S C E 2.

Anter. Noddle Empty. *Lou.* Will Wiseacres.

Hamershin. Mr. Mungrell.

Anter. Tis a hundred to nothing, but these are they, looke to your standing, and be sure you suffer him to offer first; you haue the more advantage.

Nodd. Let me alone, if I doe not vtterly confound him, let mee neuer weare good suite of clothes more, I haue ior read the *Arcadia* for nothing. *Lou.* *Anteros*, a couple of friends of mine.

Ante. Sir I shall count my selfe fortunate in their acquaintance; Sweete Sir——worthy Sir. *Nodd.* Sans compliment *Monsieur, Je suis, vostre tres humble varlet.*

Lou. There's one of his parcels gone, he has but three more in all the world.

Ant. Signior mio molto honorifico, per testa del mio padre, io non ho altro, ad vffirmar, che me stesso, però fate capitale di me, e splendetemi per quel chio vaglio.

Nod. Do's he speake French Sir? *Lou.* How thinke you Sir?

Noddle. Nay but well I meane? *Lou.* O admirably, take heed what you doe, hee's a great Trauailer I tell you.

Noddle. Gods mee! is he so? I'll not meddle with him then, I would haue tickled him else. *Ante.* Signior, io mi terro ricco? io haneffi solamente le decime de i vostri favori.

Nod. Nay Sir I am not so well skilled in the language, as I could

could wish I were, for your sake, I can speake a little Sir, *Un peu, Monsieur, tellement qu'illement.*

Ante. May I be so bold as to heare your name Sir?

Nod. My name is *Noddle Empty* Sir.

Ans. An inns 'otho Court man Sir?

Nodd. I haue putt in some *greene pots* in my dayes Sir.

Will. Wis. My name is *William Wiscacres* Sir. I am of a *Sanguine complexion.*

Ante. In good time Sir.

Wise. Very *melancholy* sometimes Sir. } *He offers to feele him*

Ante. Like enough Sir } *by the nose end.*

Wise. Ha, he, he, he——

Loue. Ha, ha, ha, he,—— O my sides——

Ant. Gods my life! I should loote it all were my patrimony layd on't. Come on Sir, brace me your inuention to the height, you see your Antagonist.

Loue. To him, ferret him, ferret him.

Nodd. Noble Sir may I bee so ambitious, as to desire my name, to be enrolled in the Catalogue of your well wishers.

Ham. I doe honour the very shadow of your shoe strings.

Loue. Your mock'd Sir, hee weares bootes.

Hamm. And am wholly your's *cap a pea.*

Noddle. Pox on't, I made full account, to haue had that next my selfe, how came hee by it trow?

Ham. What say you Sir?

Noddle. I say Sir, that it is your best course, to take heede how you make a deed of gift of your selfe, for teare some of your friends suffer for it, for the *Physnomy* of your boor, tels mee, it was neuer made for you, i doe not thinke but you borrowed them.

Ham. And I say Sir, that it is better to borrow then to take vpon trust, and neuer pay, as many such gallants as you doe.

Ante. *Louell*, this heat is done, lets rub, and walke.

Loue. Agreed, Master *Empty*, take some pittty on the Scholler, let him breath a little, wilt please you walke? [*Louell & Nod*]

Nod. I am your S. ruant. [*walke. Ant. and Ham. walke.*]

Ant. Well done, 'twas smartly followed; but lets walke;

Wise. Ha, I don't thinke ne're goe Law, but I haue seene you some where.

Ant. You're beholding to your eyes for that.

Mun. It may be so.

Ant. *Loueall*, looke, looke, looke, another beate.

Wise. Don't you vlc sometimes about *Stamford* file?

Mun. Yes Sir, I haue hunted, and hawked, thereabouts Sir in my dayes, and beene in *Sarrs* house too Sir, I was at the last horse race, Sir, when *Veluet-beeles*, and *Curranis* run Sir, I haue some reason to remember it, I am sure, I was cheated of twenty peeces there, Ile sweare vnto you Sir as I'me a Gentleman, and an elcer Brother, I'me a very toole ———

Lon. Out you *Nullifidian*, don't let the Gentleman sweare, tak' e vpon his bare word.

Wise. Nay Sir, I'll believe you without swearing.

Mun. Nay but conceive me Sir. I was a very toole (as I said before) to bee drawne in after that manner, I would faine see the best cheater of them all, gull me of so much now.

Wise. Well sir, I desire your better acquaintance. I haue the best wine in Towne for you, please you to accept.

Mun. Thanke you sir.

[*They shake hands. he feelles him by the nose end.*]

Wise. I think you & I are much vpon a complexion. He, he, he, you haue lost your mayden-head. If it please you Sir to come to my lodging Sir, when you come to *London*, I shall thinke my selfe very much bound to you, I haue some pretty bookes there to lend you, I haue *Aristotle's Problemes in English*, and *Albertus magnus de secretis*, I, as I am a liuing soule.

Lon. Let's take 'em off. [*They part, Lon. waukes wish Wise.*

Ant. wish Mun.]

Ned. Troth Sir you haue a very neat suit there, I am much taken with the proportion of your hose, 'tis a deepe French Sir. I haue a Sattin suit to make shortly, and I would bestow, some twenty doz n of gold lace vpon it, if I could but purchase the knowledge of such a Tayleur as your's, I should thinke my selfe beholding to my *Starrs* for it.

Anto. O your walking faculty, it is the only thing, now adayes your Gentlemen practise.

Ham. Indeed Sir, I thinke it bee time for you to seeke out for a new one, for I thinke your old one will trust you no longer.

Ante. Should you but see them walke in *Pauls*, or in the Temple, with what a rauishing garbe ——— you would admire.

Wise.

Wife. He, he, you are such a merry man, but indeed I hold that *Tobacco* is very good for *Phlegmatick* complexions.

Ant. Your hilt a little forwarder; very good, your very rapier *thakes French*; I protest hee shoves in the gracefull carriage of his legges, as though he had been a man of *fourtie playes, fiftene mountings*.

Mur. Nay, I shall doe well in ti ne.

Nod. Gods me! you haue stained your cloake sir, how will you doe? I doubt the Gentleman that lent you it will be angry.

Ham. Thinke you so sir?

Ant. Well, there's no remedy, I must goe and relieue my Scholler.—Sir, a word in private, do you know that gentleman?

Nod. Yes sir, I haue read *Overburies Characters*; he is a *silly fellow in blacke*, I take it.

Ant. Well sir, how ever you dis-esteeme him, I could wish you would take heed of him; I wonder hee did not strike you all this while. Go to, I say no more, I hold him to be the stoutest man of his hands in all this side o'th countrey.

Nodd. Is he so?

Ant. Why he is sent for far and neere by the *valiant of the Parishes*, to play matches at football: I tell you hee is the onely *Hammerstin* this Shire can boast of; not a *Servingman* can keep a legge or an arme whole for him, he ha's a *pension* from all the *Surgeons* within the compasse of fortie miles, for breaking of bones.

Nod. Nay for my part sir, let him be as tall a man as he will, I doe not care a pin for him, (doe you see) for I doe not meane to quarrell with him, onely I make account to jeere him a little.

Ant. Well, take heed, say I.

Nod. Nay sir, I'll take your counsell, I'll go and fetch my rapier I left within, and then let him doe his worst. *Ex. Nod.*

Ant. Follow him, follow him, the *exalted musbroome*—— a whorson butterflie, he ha's nothing to jeere you for but your borrowed cloake and bootes; and I don't thinke but they bee your owne for all his talking.

Ham. No indeed, to tell you the truth, I borrowed them of a *Batchelour* of our house, mine owne lye in *limbo* at a *Barbers shop* for *Tobacco*.

Ant. But why dost not beat him man? Gods me! beat him.

Ham. Nay, I would haue bin at him, but that I was afraid —
G they

They say many of 'em are very desperate fellowes.

Ant. Faith, to doe them right, there be many of 'um that haue run through the discipline of a *Bawdy-house*, & learnt to quarrell there, and haue seene the entrailes of a *Fence-schoole* too, and in one word are sufficiently valiant; but that proues not a generalitie. There are of them (Ile warrant you) as there are of your *schollers*, some that weare swords, only to *scare fooles*.

Ham. Nay sir, I would haue you to know, that I am neither afraid of him, nor his sword: but I would not willingly die yet, if I could helpe it.

Ant. Fear't not man, thou shalt liue I warrant thee, to see thy good name buried before thee. Haue you nothing about you to strike him with?

Ham. Yes, I haue the key of my *study dore* in my pocket.

Ant. O nothing better then that, follow him, to him, to him.

Ham. Shall I, i' faith? shall I?

Ant. Never stand, shall I? shall I? but doe't.

Ham. Ne're goe, and so I will: Ile teach him to abuse any of our cloath againe.

Exit Ham.

Ant. St, Mr *Mungrell*.

He whispers him.

Mun. As I'm a Gentleman, and an elder brother —

He runs after them offering to draw.

Loue. But how now *Anteros*? what businesse is this?

Ant. Can you but hold your peace, and follow them

With your sweet *Williams*? nay, but will you goe?

Ex. Loue.

You'll loose the banquet if not presently.

& Williams.

ACTVS 3. SCENA 3.

Anter. Endym. Pandora, Placenta.

Anter. O, O. —

Would I could loose my selfe, become a *Mouse*,

Or *sue*, that I might find a *cabbin* here,

To hide my selfe from these same women. O, —

He climbs the tree.

But I will climbe this tree —

Pla. I wonder much

Where our two *loving friends* should lye so close;

There's not a place where they doe use, but wee

Haue visited this morning. I doe long

To giue them this most pleasing spectacle:

But I will now search the Iustice his house,

Perchance

Perchance they may be there. *Pan. Endymion.* *Exit Pla.*
 Another kisse; loe thus I will revenge *She kisses Endym.*
 My selfe on those two frozen Lovers; thus,
 And thus, and thus ——— *Revenge, how sweet thou art*
 Vnto a woman! *Ant. O — I am afayd*
 They will offend, commit, commit before mee.

Pan. And canst thou loue me, sweet *Endymion*?

End. Behold a tast what I can doe. *Pan.* These kisses *Ho*
 Haue not that masculine rellish yet me thinks, *kisses her.*
 Which I enjoy'd in the manly embraces *Reit in scena Pla.*
 Of *Lucius*, or *Neander*. *Plac.* It is strange,
 Not one about this house that can instruct mee
 What should become of them, I wonder at it;
 But I am glad that *Constantina's* flight
 Is not suspected yet, so well that *Boy*
 Doe's personate her. *Pand.* Are they not there *Placenta*?

Pla. St; No. O yes your Vncle is at home.

It will not yet bee dinner time this houre;
 You may embrace another walke. *Pand.* Content;
Endymion, wilt please you t' accompany us? *Exeunt.*

ACT. 3. SCEN. 4.

Anteros, Hooke, Mistris Vrsely.

Ant. Why so then — What againe?

Hoo. You'l leaue your blubbering, *Minion*, come your waies.
 You set your minde on such a man? yet more?
 You might as well bee in loue with that same *Sunne*,
 And should as soone enjoy it. *Ant.* He speakes high,
 Pray heavens hee does not looke so high, for feare
 He should descric me. *Vrse.* Father, I cannot last
 Out two dayes longer without *Anteros*.

Ant. How's that? now all my starres be mercifull!
 It is a vision sure, this cannot bee.

Hoo. Come, you'r a foolish girle, he marry you?
 That day that hee does marry you, will I
 Bring backe to life all that were dead before
 The *uniuersall Deluge*. *Ant.* Nay, Ile helpe
 You with a farre better expression, sir,

That day that hee does marry her, shall you
Become an *honest man*; a harder *Province*
Then to bring all the *dead*, to *life againe*.

Hoo. There are a hundred reasons (daughter) why
You should not hope it, first hee hates all women,
Next if he did not, you that are *deform'd*,
Lame, and *misshapen*, *blacke*, besides, *ill manner'd*. —

(*Ant.* Hee does not see the *wallet* on her back.)
Haue the least cause to hope. *Vrs.* But there are (father).
Sixe hundred reasons, why I should loue him.
His *manly carriage*, his *full breasts*, his *hayre*,
And his *fine cloathes*, his *golden breeches*, and —

Ant. His *traiterous nose*: I, I, 'tis that I know.
'Tis like the *Ivy-bush* vnto a *Tauerne*,
Which tells vs there is *Wine* within; but I
Will take an order with you Sir e're long,
And haue you *par'd*. *Vrs.* Well I will neuer leaue
My crying (that's resolu'd) vntill I see him.

Ant. O! Could I commit a crime e're I was made,
'Gainst *nature* worthy *such a punishment*?
It is decreed, I will *unman* my selfe, immediately.

Hoo. What shall I doe? 'tis strange —
Well, 't must be so: I will goe seeke *Terpander*,
And mooue him to this match: most of his *lands*
I haue in *mortgage*, nay indeed they are
Forfeited to me, for the day is past

Wherein hee was bound to pay in the money,
The advantage of this forfeiture, will I
Threaten to take, vnlesse hee does compell,
His sonne to take my daughter, to his wife.
Nay, rather then I will bee disappointed,
Hee for a *portion*, shall haue in his *bonds*,
Come daughter, bee of comfort, wee will goe
Directly to *Terpander*, where I'll vse
Such arguments, as shall enforce him make
His sonne both loue, and marry you.

Exeunt.

Ant. Like enough.
'Tis very likely Sir, but that this tree
Does not afford any *such fruit*, I'd throw
An *old shoe* after you, — such arguments

He comes downe.

The Rivall Friends.

As shall enforce him make his sonne, both loue,
And marry you—well how his *pills* may worke
Which the *old man*, I know not : for my selfe
I will provide a quicke deliuerance.

VVhy sheepeheard? *Stripes*? [*tic toc*:] now I must, and will
Goe forward in this plot, of my disguise.

A C T. 3. S C E. 5.

Anteros. Koveall.

Love. VVhat make you there? *Ant.* VVhy nothing *Iacks*.

Love. Come on, you are a fine fellow, to go and set them
together by the eares thus, are you not?

Ant. But haue they done it finely?

Love. Finely doe you call it? why your Scholler ha's so
mauld Mr. *Noddle* with the key of his study dore, made such a
breach in his *Pericranium*, that without question all his *French*
ends haue taken their flight, through that passage; as for my co-
sen Mr. *William*, hee's crept into an old hole, behind the hang-
ings, that in the dayes of old, h'as beene the *Asylum*, for decay-
ed bootes, and shooes out of date, and there lyes hee, all alone,
very *melancholy*.

Ant. Ha, ha, he, but how was my *Gentleman*, and my elder
brother imploy'd all this while?

Love. As Gentlemen vse now adayes, in *swearing*; when he
saw that hee could not draw his sword, hee ran vp and downe
the roome, and measured out the time of the combat with
oathes.

Ant. Death! that I had but seene this.

Love. VVould thou had'st: for I haue e'ene taken a surfet
of them. I praythee let's inuent some way, or other
For to bee rid of them, canst thou not thinke?

Thinke, thinke, man — thinke — which I'll effect, vnlesse
All that is called *Fortune*, doth forsake mee.

See'st thou that brace of *Cabbins*, on each side

My *Vncle's* house? *Ante.* They'r *Dog-kennels* I take it.

Low. They are, no more, but see they come, I'll slip

Aside lest I bee seene. *Ant.* I wonder what

His brayne is now so hot in trauaile with.

ACT. 3. SCENE. 6.

Ant. Love. Wife. Noddle Empty, with his head, and face all bloody.

Ant. How now?

Nod. Lend mee your hankercher, if you haue one about you *Cosen*, mine ha's not a dry place in it.

Ant. What doe you bleede *Mr. Noddle*?

Nod. Yes Sir a little wild blood, hold that *Cosen*, *un pen Mounseieur.*

Ant. Did not you tell mee, all his *French ends* were gone? *un pen* will not forsake him.

Love. Not a word.

Nod. A whorson cowardly slaue, to strike a man e're one was aware of him, and to giue one no time, to draw his rapier—

Ant. S'me, 'tis somewhat deepe I doubt.

Nod. Nothing by *Hercules* Sir, a scratch, a scratch, well I'll say nothing, but by this good blood, that runs——

Ant. Faith if you had done as that good blood does, *Mr. Noddle*, it had beene better for you.

Nod. No Sir, I scorne it, I am not of that straine i' faith, and that hee shall know, the *sempiternall* rascall.

Ant. Come on *Mr. Wiseacres*, I belieue you and your Kinsman are much of a *complexion*.

Wife. I am very *melancholy* at this time.

Ant. I but you must take heed of these fits, they'l spoyle you, I heard say, that you crept into a *private*, *retir'd* roome e'ne now, and there convers'd with *spiders* and *crickets*, fye vpon it, you must labour against that humour; but indeed me thinks your *Cosen* is of a very deepe *sanguine*.

Wife. Ha, he, you are such a witty man.

Nodd. *Cosen*? Yes I am much beholding to my *Cosen*; I might haue beene kild for him.

Ant. Come, come, I like him well for it, the Gentleman does weigh how much the *Republ.* might bee impeached, by the losse of a man.

Nodd. *Republiq*? Repuddingpy. By this light, a man is little better then mad, that will keepe company with such slow-heapes, such white-liverd, counterfied lackdawes—but all's one.

Ant. I, i betwixt friends, and kinsmen, ye two are all one I know. Your *Cosen* is very *cholerick* now.

Wife.

The Riuall Friends.

Wife. I but I am very seldome so, for *Albertus Magnus* faith — [*Loveall as though he came from his Vncles.*]

Love. Now the good Gods! where shall I find these most vnfortunate Gentlemen?

Ant. Why how now *Iacke*? what inauspicious wind. Ha's ray'd this cloudy weather in thy face?

Love. O *Anteros*, wee are vndone, vndone;
I'le haue this day weare black ith' *Calender*,
That after ages may beware of it,
It is so full of *Omen* ———

Ant. Whats the matter? I pray thee speake. { *Hee faines to
heare some bo-
dy comming.*

Love. O they bee here, ——— who's there?
Pray heauens it bee not the Constables officious industry: how will you doe Sir? You haue slaine the *Scholler*.

Nodd. I would I had else.

Love. Nay Sir, this is neither time nor place for such idle wishes, here ha's beene a *Surgeon* already, that liues hard by, and his sentence is, that hee cannot liue about two howers, hee swounded six times since you left him, it seemes you bruised him so with falling on him, with the hilt of your rapier, that hee bleeds inward ——— I know not what to say to it ——— I was bewitch'd I thinke, nay thinke, thinke, thinke what course you will take, you must bee suddaine, the officers are sent for to apprehend you.

Ant. Is this in iest (I wonder) or in earnest?

Nodd. Is he so indeed? I pray you tell mee true Sir.

Love. Why, what doe you take mee to bee Sir? haue I this for my loue, and care of your safety? as you sowed, so reape for mee; I hope you will belieue your owne sences, I thinke I see the officers comming.

Nodd. 'Sme! what shall I doe? Mr. *Loveall*, nay good Sir, I doe belieue you, I know not which way to take.

Love. Nay there's no stirring that way, you'l meet them in the teeth.

Nodd. What if I goe through the backe dore, and take horse?

Love. They'l meet you that way too.

Nod. Any thing, good Sir, I beseech you, looke the dore goes, I protest twenty Sericants could not haue strucke such a feare into me. *Love.* Well, will you trust your fortunes into my hands?

Nod. And liues sweet Sir.

Love.

Lone. Quickly then enter heere, I'll shut you in untill the search bee past: nay will you in? who's there? immediately, good Master *William*. *He shuts Nod into one of them.*

Wife. Nay sir, I'll go to my horse if there were twenty Constables, they haue nothing to doe with mee, for I am sure I did not strike a blow, no as *I'm a living soule*. —

Lone. Gods mee, what will you doe? were not you in the company with him? that makes you accessary; haue you read so much law, and know not that? nay, will you in? — Ha, ha, he. *He puts him into the other.*

ACT. 3. SCEN. 7.

Anteros, Loneall.

Lone. What say'st thou now my *Anteros*? *Ant.* What say I? I say thou art an arch-dissembler,
A workman in the trade: By all that's good,
I should haue been thus gull'd my selfe, thou did'st
So smoothisly act it, with such passion,
And anger at their incredulitie.
I was afraid thou would'st haue beat the foole,
Because he would not let himselfe be gull'd
So soone as thou would'st haue him, but stay now —
How shall we dresse our other brace? *Lone.* That province
Is *yours*; as for mine owne, you see I haue
Provided for them, and conveniently:
Yet if you will I embrace my counsell, write
After the copie I haue set you, doe,
Behold a patterne, and see (happily)
A chest where *Stripes* in the dayes of old
Ha's kept tame Conies, now uninhabited.

Ant. Right, but I feare, 'tis not capacious
Enough for both. *Lone.* 'Tis nothing, looke you here,
See you that fine spruce new erected hogstie
On the other side of *Stripes* house? *Ant.* I doe.

Lone. And doe you see it may be pinn'd without?
Hist, easily, softly, I'll fill up the time *They enter.*
With some discourse, till you haue fram'd your count'nance.

ACT. 3. SCEN. 8.

Love. Anse. Mr. Mung. Sir Hammer.

Ham. Wu'd I might ne're stirre Mr. *Mungrell*, if I care a pin for a hundred such, an Innsoth' Court man quoth a? nere goe, I thinke they learne nothing there, but how to swagger, and bee proud.

Love. Nay Sir, now I must chide you, will you accuse *all*, for the default of some *particulars*? by the same reason, I'll conclude, that all yee Schollers, are coxcombes, because I see one that is so.

Ham. Meaning mee Sir?

Lov. Meaning you Sir? pardon mee 'tis meere iniustice in you, I'll assure you Sir, this whole realme, yeelds not *better qualified* Gentlemen, and more *gentilely parted*, then many of them are, and to whom, the *common weale* is more indebted.

Ham. Because hee has got a good suit of cloathes vpon his backe (I'll bee hang'd if they bee pay'd for yet) and a ring in's band string, to play withall when he wants discourse, he thinks hee may carry the ball on's toe before him, and that no man must dare to meet him.

Love. No more Scholler, you haue met with him sufficiently, why *Anteros*, when? and here's a braue *Pylades* too, that would not see his *Orestes* oppress'd by multitude. [*Hee claps him on the backe.*]

Mun. Arrest mee Sir? soft, and easily Sir, more words to a bargain; s'duds! I thinke my sword be mortu'd into a *snayle*, [*Hee flies backe and offers to draw*] I cannot entreate him out of his *shell*. Arrest mee Sir? As I'm a Gentleman, and an elder brother, I owe no man a farthing that I meane to pay him. Nay come Sir, I am flesh'd now i' faith.

Love. You will not quarrell with your friends Sir, will you?

Mun. Friends Sir? I know not whether you be my friend, or no; I am sure you vse no friendly language.

Love. Pri'thee Scholler, sayle off Mr. *Mungrell* a little, hee'l never leaue now hee has drawne blood once. *Ham.* Come, you'r a foole; the Gentleman's of worth, and our friend.

Mung. Nay I haue done now, I did but try how I could quarrell a little.

Lov. Faith Sir, this would haue made a faire show in a Country Ale-house.

The Rivall Friends.

Mun. Nay Sir, as soone as my father dyes, (which will not bee long I hope, for hee lyes sicke now) I'll goe to *London*, and learne to *quarrell* there, for a yeare or two, and then come downe againe, and practise amongst my *Tenants*.

Love. Why *Anteros*; pray thee releive mee.

Ant. St, not a word, for a *million* of worlds. Ha! ke you Scholler. [*Hee whispers with the Scholler.*]

Mun. I hope you are not angry?

Love. Angry old Bully? hee had a hard heart, that would be angry with thee.

Ant. 'Tis as I tell you, his wound ha's beene search'd by a very skilfull Surgeon, and his *Pia mater* is found to be perished, and when that's gone, you know there is small hope.

Ham. None at all Sir, I've read it in *Magirus*. *Cezen Munnegrell*, come hither quickly —

Love. Now now, how greedily the Scholler sucks it in.

Mun. What's the matter? but is this true?

Ant. As true as you'r a *Gentleman*.

Love. Hee never emptyed a buttry pot after a match at footeball, with greater appetite, then hee devours this gullery.

Ant. Take heed what you doe, the least protraction is full of danger.

Ham. O the Lord! what will become of vs?

Ant. *Loveall* stirre the doore a little — passion O mee! there's some body at the dore, looke, looke, creepe into this chest, I'll shut you in. [*He shuts up the Scholler.*]

Ham. Any where good Sir.

Mun. Where will you hide me sir? I'll goe into the chest too.

Ham. Here's hardly roome enough for my selfe.

Ant. Stay, stay, stay. In good sooth Mr. *Constable* here's no such men this way — what say you, you *three-penny cracke crowne*? I tell you, they have already taken horse. Here, here, here, creepe in, stoope man, stoope. [*He shuts Mun. into the hogsty.*]

Love. Ha, ha, he.

Why so, wee'r now at Liberty, farewell.

My sisters wrongs, and sorrowes call for mee,

And shall be answered. *Ant.* Well adiew sweet Sir. *Exit.*

I must bee suddaine, or I'me lost for ever. [*etc. etc.*]

By this time sure my father melts (why shepherd.)

The ample benefit, that shall acrow

Vnto him by this worthy match, this instant
 Arrines at's weather-beaten apprehension;
 (I doe but *know* it, am but *sure* of it)
 O, what a dainty pleasant thing it is
 For to bee free from care! to *sleep* a night,
 Without the dreaming of a *Creditor*,
 Or the disturbance of that *gobling Forfeit*!
 It cannot but be so, vpon my soule,
 Hee trades in this same cogitation,
 This very minute ——— *Stipes. che ti venga l' cancro.*
 Well, if hee be about ground, I will find him,
 Or loose my selfe, I'le seeke him in the pastures. *Exit.*
Finis Actus tertij.

The Song. sung by two Trebles.

1. Treb. *But why*

*Doe the wing'd minutes flie
 so fast away?
 Stop your course yee hastie howers,
 And sollicite all the powers
 to let you stay.
 For the earth could ne're shew forth
 An object of a greater Worth.*

2. Treb. *But why*

*Doe the wing'd minutes flie
 so fast away?*

1. Treb. *It is because that they which follow,
 Crowd on to haue a sight as well as they;*

2. Treb. *Harke how the ghosts of passed moments groane,
 'cause they are gone.*

*And rayle at Fate,
 And curse the date*

Of their short-lines expir'd so soone.

Chor. *Then stop your course, you hastie howers,
 And sollicit all the powers*

*to let you stay,
 For the earth could ne're shew forth
 An object of a greater Worth.*

ACTVS 4. SCENA I.

Lively solus.

Ha, ha, he,

I haue discovered more then e're *Columbus*,
 Or our owne *water-fowle, Drake*: my pretty stripling,
 Which I did take away from *Stipes* even now,
 Is prov'd a woman, prov'd an *errant Lady*,
 That is in quest after her *errant Knight*,
 Who is *enchanted*. 'Tis the *Neesse* (forsooth)
 Of our good vertuous *Iustice*, Mr *Hooke*,
 Who has put on this habit for to follow
 Her lover *Cleopes*, who has forsooke her.
 All this did shee confesse to mee in private,
 'Soone as she saw I had descry'd her sex
 And name; but I haue stay'd her *pilgrimage*,
 Shee's fast enough, I warrant her, i'th *noose*
 Of *wedlocke* now, to stirre in haste. No sooner
 Did I reade woman in her lookes, but straight
 I did command my mayds for to *unpage* her,
 And *cooke* her in her *kind*, in her owne *sawce*;
 Shee's *pickeld* now in some three yards of *laine*.
 Here shee has it, and there shee has it, fie, fie.
 Was I a young man now againe, and should
 Venture on such a dish to *carue*, by'r *Lady*,
 I should not know which side for to begin on :
 Hardly distinguish breast from backe. Well, well,—
 Beshrew my heart the *queanes*, where e're they had them,
 Haue hung good rags about her; sure they borrow'd them.
 This being done, I went unto *Neander*,
 Told him, that I had got a *Boy*, and *dress'd* him
 Fit for his *palate*: he rejoyc'd, made haste
 Vnto the contract, and (as kind Fortune would)
 That very time a good old merry *Vicar*
 Of my acquaintance came to visite me.
 I crav'd his ayd, and (in one word) I brought her
 Vayl'd, but first *softned* by a thousand threatnings,
 If shee but mov'd towards a discovery.
 The good kinde *Gentleman* thinking her boy,
 And therefore in his power when er'e he please

The Rival Friends.

For to untie the knot, is before witnesse,
Contracted to her by the *Vicar*.— Oh for *Lucius* now.

ACT. 4. SCEN. 2.

Linely, Lucius.

Line. See where hee comes; but yet how heavily!
How full of *earth* mee thinks his paces bee!
Hee lookes as though his *teeth* had playd this fortnight,
Kept *Holyday*. But I'll accost him.— *Lucius.*

Luc. The Gods befriend thee, whosoe'r thou art,
That I am thought worth naming yet, not lost
Vnto all mankind quite, though to my selfe!

Line. These words doe favour of too much distraction:
You must take comfort fir. *Luc.* Who's that dares talke

Of comfort to me? But once name the word
That is *exil'd* whole *Nature*? good Mr *Linely*
Wast you that spoke? *Line.* It was, and I must haue you
Remoue this same *December* from your lookes:

I come to make you happy. *Luc.* Thou art come
To loose thy labour then; I am *below*

Both all the *loue*, and all the *sight* of Fortune,
Shee will not make mee happy, and shee cannot
Make mee more *wretched* then I am. I lye,

Shee may doe both. But speake thou *reverend* head,
Has ought that's good befallen my *Neander*,

That thou dar'st venture out that name of *happy*
So confidently upon me? — say. *Line.* There has,

But more to you. *Luc.* What's that? *Lin.* Good, happineesse.

Luc. How? happineesse to me? thou should'st haue put
The space of *fifteene ages* 'twixt those words,

They are so farre from *reconciliation*;

Thou hast no *Grammar* in thee, know'st no *concord*.

Line. But I haue *Musicke* in me, and that's better.
I'll make thee daunce my *solitary* one.

Pandora shall be thine to day. *Luc.* How? mine to day?

Line. Thy *wife*, thy *selfe*, but in another *character*.

Luc. Vnspeak't againe, it must not be. *Line.* It must.

Luc. Doest thou intend to *buy* me to thee? and
To *breake* me and my fortunes with a courtesie,
Which I shall ne're be able to repay?

Imploy thy art then, all thy quicker plots
To further my *Neander* in his loue:
Who by how much the more his vertues be
Greater then mine (who hardly haue so much
As will *redeeme* me from the name of *visions*)
So much the more will apprehend the benefit,
So much the more reward thee. *Lin.* Speak no further,
Pandora's thine, *shee's* thine, thine owne, beleue't.
Hee is already married to another.

Luci. I doe confesse that I am something fallen
Off from that height of reason which before,
While I had libertie, I did enjoy:
But thou do'st wrong me much, if thou do'st thinke
That Loue has *eaten* up all man in mee.
I tell you, I doe know your *plots*, your *drifts*,
And all your *consultations*, as well
As if I had had a *cabbin* in your bosome,
And had from thence betrayd them; did not I
Heare when *Neander* did sollicite thee
For to procure a *Masculine* Bride for him?
Did not I heare thee promise him to doe it?
Hast thou not now perform'd it? are not they
By thy procurement now contracted? speake;
'Tis not so easie to deceiue the eyes
Of Loue, how e're our franticke *Poets* say
He feeds on nought but *Lolium*. *Line. Lucius,*
As I doe hope to liue, as I doe prize
My *lungs*, my *breath*, *laughter*, and *sacke*, (beleue me)
I haue *Neander* fast, hee's married
To one that is as truely woman, as
Was she that did produce thee, and because
You shall be certaine of't, 'tis *Constantina*.

Luc. But canst thou utter this (without a blush?)
Or hath thy many yeeres
Block'd up those *channels* of thy blood, that now
They are not able to afford that face,
(That starved face of thine, *bankrupt* of vertue)
The least reliefe? but I'le undoe your *plots*.
Since you doe force me, I'le confesse a secret,
Which hitherto I'ue hardly *whispered*

Vnto my privat^t thoughts. I am no husband,
No husband (marke you) for *Pandora*, nor
For any woman living; for kind *Nature*
Has stamped *Eunuch* on mee from my cradle.

Lin. What do I heare? *Luc.* That w^{ch} is true. *Li.* An *Eunuch*!

ACT. 4. SCEN. 3.

*Linely, Neander, Constantina velata
facie, Lucius.*

Line. But see *Neander* comes with his new *Bride*.

Nean. Why doe you weepe and sigh so boy? no more.

Luc. Doe you heare that? *Nean.* But see my *Lucius*.

I must quite alter my discourse, my garbe,
And all my actions. Hence dull *melancholly*,
I now must finde a face that must *out-smile*
A *morne* in *lune*. *Lucius*, a thousand hayles.

Constan. Vnhappy *Constantina*! to whom Fate
Neither permits to liue, nor yet to die.

Lin. Break off those sighs you peevish girle, or i'll — not yet?

Nean. What meanes this strange and *ponderous* eye?

As though you were to take our *Altitudes*

Lucius? what? and doe you smile? faith speake.

How doest thou like my *Choyce*? perhaps you wonder

At this so sudden match; but (*Friend*) you see

What Love and a faire Gentlewoman can doe.

Line. I am the boldest wretch aliue. It cannot,

Cannot be long before he needs must know her.

What will become of thee then *Linely*? ha?

You must be sure not to unvaile him *Sir*,

The boy would not be knowne. *Nean.* What muse you on?

So deeply *Lucius*? does your first sonnes name

You shall begin on the most faire *Pandora*

Perplex you now? come on, I'll answer for you,

He shall be called *Fortunate*. *Luc.* Not so,

Rather that name belongs to you *Neander*,

That shall haue no such care to trouble you:

For if my art deceiues me not (faire creature

Your hand) this wife of yours is never likely

For to beare children, but on her backe, or armes.

Nean. Why pray the sweet? *Luc.* Cause in this little vabe

That

That lies at the foot of *Venus mountaine*, here,
I doe discover something too much for mother.
Come, come, *Neander*, these are poore devices,
Trickes of the *Scene*, and stale, they will not take.
And you *gray haire*s, me thinks that thou shouldst owe
A greater and more *filiall* reverence
To the faire *Ceremonies* of the *Church*, then thus
To *stalker* with them, to make them *stales* unto
Such base ridiculous — *Line. Lucius*, doe but heare.

Luc. I will not heare thee. *Line. Here's* a benefit
Plac'd most deservingly! I doe not like it.

Nean. I do not apprehend him. *Luc. A* faire gowne
Indeed, and *sope*, and *starch* enough, to dazle
The eyes of some young countrey *heire*, that has
Never been drill'd through *Drury lane*, or *Bloomsbury*.
But 'pray thee (friend) whose daughter hast thou married?
What may she haue to name? *Nean. What* shall I answer?
I am i'th bryers. *Line. Tell* him 'tis *Constantina*
Our *Iustices* *Necce*. *Nean. Most* excellent dissembler!
As though you know not *Constantina* sir.

Luc. But is this *Constantina*? *Nea. True. Lin. 'Tis* truer;
Somewhat then you doe belecue it is. *Luc. Is* this
Iacke Lovealls sister? *Nean. 'Tis. Luc. But* is this shee
Whom *Cleopes* once lov'd, and has forsaken?

Const. O me! why doe I live and heare that name?

Line. Did you not mark that sigh? how smartly't came?
No, no, I haue not fitted you, I haue not.
'Tis a young *Roscious* I tell you. No sooner
Was *Cleopes* nam'd, but the arch-villaine sigh'd,
As if it had been truely *Constantina*.
I doe not like this businesse yet.

Luc. Is this
That cryed up *wonder*? that *Fidelia*?
A sodaine change.

ACT. 4. SCENE. 4.

Placenta, Linely, Lucius, Neander, Constantina.

Pla. Yet at the last? 'tis well, I'll giue the word
Vnto *Pandera*: but with speciall care

That

The Rival Friends.

That the boy knowes not of his *Masters* presence?

Lis. What businesse is it that this *Midwifes* face
Does fetch and carry thus about I wonder?

Hy, shee appeares againe. *Plac.* All health old man!

Lis. Old? and how old? but what's the newes that you
Are rig'd with now? and whither bound I pray you?

Plac. Next to that loving payre of friends, whose sorrowes
I haue lamented oft, and amongst which
I iudge it not the least, that while yee two
Discourse in sighes, and teares, the wanton mayde
That is the cause of all your heauiness,
Lasciniously does sport herselfe, and melts
In the embraces of an other. *Amb.* How?

Plac. Regardless of your woes, or her owne honour.

Nean. Now all the Gods! where is he? *Luc.* Woman speake,
What is hee for a man? *Plac.* I know him not,
So farre as to his name; but this mine eyes
Dare witnesse, tis a composition
Of blood and spirits not to be despis'd.
A feature able enough to tempt; besides——

Luc. *Neander*, whil't wee strue about the shadow
Wee haue the substance ravish'd from vs. *Nean.* Ha?
It cannot bee, 'tas noe affinitye
With truth; It must not bee belieu'd good *Lucius*.

Plac. Can yee retyre your selues vnder this tree
A little, and expect? but e're I goe,
Yee shall both promise as yee'r Gentlemen
To endure the sight with patience. *Amb.* Wee will.

Plac. It is enough. *Luc.* But does this woman gull vs? *Exit*
Or is it reall think'ft thou? *Lis.* Harke. *Luc.* No more. *Plac.*

ACT. 4. SCENE 5.

*Placenta. Lucius. Pandora. Neander,
Endymion. Linely. Constantina*

Plac. Can yee belieue it yet? are your eyes yet
Instructed? *Luc.* Tis my boy *Endymion*,
Now hell and tortures! *Pan.* Were all odours lost,
And begger'd Nature had not sweetes enough
To embalme the dying *Phoenix* left, from hence

The Rival Friends.

From this same lip, Shee might restore her selfe.

Nean. Ah *Lucius*! must he not dye? *Luc.* *Neander*,
It is a sacriledge vnparadonable

To pluck him from that *Altar*. *Pan.* Once more sweet
Two pendant Cherries when some gentle gale
Makes them to kisse, meete not with such a touch!

[*They both draw, and run at him, he saues himselfe behind Pandora.*]

Luc. Villaine, and Traytour dye. *End* O me! my Master.—

Plac. What doe you meane? ah. *Pan.* Alas.— Sweet Gen-
tlemen.— [*Shee layes hold on Neanders arme.*

Luc. Did all mankinde inhabit in that breast,
I'de put the Gods vnto a second trouble
For to create that species a new.

Nean. Woman forbear. *Lin.* I doe not like these tumults.
I'll get me home and drinke a cup of Sack. *Pand.* *Neander*,—
Lucius,—

Ah by that *Monster* of my loue, your friendship,
Lucius, by these eyes of mine, which thou
A thousand times and more hast dar'd to liken
Vnto the brighter starre of *Venus*, which
Is both the *Prologue* and the *Epilogue*
Vnto the glorious *Sun*: By thine owne eyes
Which are two clearer *starres*, I doe coniure thee
Forbear to prosecute such a reuenge
Vpon this *innocent Boy*: for here I sweare
By all those *blessed powers*, which know our thoughts,
Ineuer lou'd him. *Nean.* Most impudent woman,
Did not our eyes behold it? *Luc.* O *Neander*,
Why doe we stand thus coldly here? and not
Hew out a passage through this *prostitute*
To trauaile to the iust destruction
Of her base Louer, and my baser vassaile?

Pan. Rather let all your fury end in me,
See here my *naked brest* implay your valours:
Why doe you stand and gaze one on another?
What is the *naked bosome* of a *Virgin*
A *spectacle* of such *terror*? if it be,
And that the sight of it hath cool'd your blouds,
Then heare me speake: you *Lucius* may remember
That ancient *stock* of loue, those many *vowes*,

The Riuall Friends.

Those many teares, those many longings, which
Hauē past betwixt vs: nor can you iustly stile it
A fault of mine, that *Time* is now so old
And yet does see vs two; but partly yours
Partly my fathers needesse (for I must not
Giue it the name it merits, *Conuetsnesse*)
Who seeing your so teruent loue vnto me,
Did strive to thrust me out with nothing, or
At least with such a portion, as you lik'd not;
Whilst thus I wauered, betwixt hope, and feare,
It fortun'd, that this Gentleman *Neander*
Became your *Riual*: who had not long beene here,
Not long solicited, but I (shame of women)
Began to loue yee both, and which is more
I lou'd yee with an equall flame, (but see
What *Pageants Cupid* can play!) it chanc'd
(Contrary to all mens expectations)
That by degrees such a strong eye of friendship
Did grow betwixt yee, that each of yee refus'd
(For his friends sake) what then was profer'd you,
My loue; whilst I bewail'd my miseries
Vnto this Midwife here, my friend, and grieu'd
At this my harder fortune—Good *Placenta*
Giue them the rest. *Plac.* Then take it in a word.
Supposing it the onely way to winne
One of you to her, I counsaill'd her to faine
A loue vnto some other Gentleman.
Whilst we were busie in these Consultations,
As fortune would, your Page *Endymion*
Came hither (*Lucius*) to seeke his Master.
We lay the trayne for him, shee courts the Boy,
And he (poore Lad) thinking her serious
Was caught immediatly. *Luc.* But is this true?
Pan. Would I could call it false—But otherwise
Then was expected hath it prospered.
Con. *Placenta*, ah *Placenta*. *Pla.* Who's that call's me?
Con. Shall I disclose my selfe? I am asham'd. [*They put up*
Nean. If it be so, *Pandora*, we craue pardon. [*their swords.*]
And doe restore him life; but now (*faire soule*)
If thou do'st ayme to reach a life so happy

Shee Weepes.

Shee Weepes.

The Rivall Friends.

So! full of all content, that thou may'st sit
Within thy Sphere (like *Venus*) and looke downe
On all thy Sex, and pittie them; loue this man.

Nean. Loue this man. For as for my selfe I am
Already furnish'd with a *Missis*, see
My wife here—Sweetest wife. *Pand.* Is this your wife?
I judge her happy who so e're shee is.

Luc. Beleue him not, this is a Boy, a villaine
(Whom I, but that—*Nean.* *Lucius* forbear.) *Luc.* Drest vp
In womans Cloathes by that old dotard *Lucely*.
Sweetest *Neander* leaue. *Nean.* It is a woman.

Luc. By all the gods, it is a boy, 'tis false.
But for to rob you of all hope of mee
Giue me but care, I am an *Eunuch*, if
You can endure to haue a frozen statue,
Sleepe by your side, whilst you awake, recount
The tedious minutes of your widdowed nights
And sigh, and thinke, and thinke, and sigh againe,
Behold an husband for you, I am he. *Shee swounes.*

Pan. O me! an *Eunuch*? *Plac.* Hold the Gentlewoman
Ay me! shee swounes, sweetest *Pandora*, ah.

Luc. What is the matter? *Plac.* Ah good *Lucius* helpe,
Shee's gone — alas good heart. What shall I doe?

Nean. But see shee breathes againe. *Plac.* Ah beny sweet
Pandora speake. *Pan.* Ah!

Hands off thou out-side of a man; and thou
Uxorious creature, I doe craue no ayde
From you, forbear. *Plac.* How doe's my sweetest hony?

Pan. I am not well *Placenta*, let vs goe
Into your house a while. *Luc.* Please you faire Lady
To vse my seruice? *Pan.* How? Your seruice sir?
You can doe nothing, nor doe I expect it.
But if your loue towards me be worthy, lend mee
Your Page, but for an houre. *Luc.* Hee is yours.

Pan. Then fir adiew. *Nean.* Shall I be vanquish'd thus *Exeunt*
In friendship? But I will once more to *Lucely*. *Plac.*
And see what further counsell hee will giue mee, *Endym.*
Faire wife let's goe—Rise vp you villaine boy;
Lucius farewell. *Luc.* What is he gone? so soone? *Exit.*
To's *Engineer* I know, to his contriuer;

But

The Riuall Friends.

But I will follow them so fast, that not
A syllable shall passe without my Knowledge.

* How now you Rascal? where are your eyes I wonder?

* *Stripes rannes against Lucius.*

Exit.

ACT. 4. SCENE. 6.

Stripes solus.

Strip. In as a good a headpiece as yours, I warrant you that,
for all your fine clothes, *Sauds*, I thinke my penny as good silver
as yours, every day I sh weeke, I'll tell you but so.

A Mayce of eightene, to play with babes-clouts, well, 'tis no
matter, Let that passe though, goe to, goe to, 'tis an ill winde that
blowes no body good. cry I, iure I rose o'th right side to day, I shall
haue a seruant by and by, and a lusty Knaue too, and here's the
chincke, the chincke; as I was getting this rod euen now, for my
wise daughter, comes me *Terpanders* sonne, the angry boy, the
smoker of Tobacco, the whorson which could not endure his mo-
ther, *Sauds* I was afraid at first to see my selfe alone with him,
he did so stare with's rowling eyes, and 'twas no force by'r Lady,
for I had five good shillings in my purse; But he to put me out of
doubts salutes me most louingly, as thus, *Stripes* God saue you, Saue
you *Stripes* — no, *Stripes* God saue you — *Stripes* be hang'd —
a blockhead, *Sauds* I doubt I should make but a scurvie Gentleman,
I want the trick ont. — But let that passe though, I haue the mo-
ny here, and presently, my man will come, which *Anteros* will
send me, whom, if I haue not pay'd me euery morning my forty
brace of legges and caps — no more.

ACT. 4. SCENE. 7.

Anteros disguised.

Stripes.

Ant. Why so, I me fairely accoutred, as becomes a Sheep-
heards seruant — But swig for see my Master. Here must I
quite disrobe my selfe of all my former manners, garbe, behanior,
and put the pload o'th Country on. — *Strip.* How now? He whistles
What iolly whistler haue vve got here trow? and dances.
Hi, hi, a dancer too? I, I, by'r Lady
For ought I know, this is the man I spoke of,

The Rinall Friends.

Or else if not, here's one could wish hee were.

A sturdy knave, a lusty proper knave.

I like him well, he ha's a backe for burthens.

You *Sirrah*, you; *Ant.* What say you, you?

Stip. I say whom doe you seeke here you?

Ant. I seeke a Sheepheard you. *Stip.* I am a Sheepheard.

Ant. But I seeke a Sheepheard, whose name is *Stipes*.

Stip. I am the man you knawe, you come from *Anteros*?

Ant. Yeas. *Stip.* To serue mee? *Ant.* Yeas.

Stip. In good time, how now saucy *Jacke*? how now proud, prodigall *knave*? where are your twenty legs vnto your Master? Goe to, Goe to, to worke, begin, well said. *Anteros makes legs.*
1. 2. 3. 4. 5 6. So, so, enough, I doe forgieue the rest. Turne you about, vnto, vnto, a good *squat* fellow, a well *quartered* man, By'r Lady, and if hee had but *meanes* would make a pretty husband for my daughter *Merda*.

Ant. Has he a daughter? and are there women here? o o o —
O I am fallen from *heauen* into a *Colepit*!

Stip. Why *Merda*, I say, my daughter *Merda* I say, the foolish girl's affrayd I know, go to, go to, I will forgieue her. *Merda* I say. But you Sir *Squire's* dog, what is your name? Hy, which way looke you? *Ant.* My name is *leoffry*.

Stip. I, I, how now? how *leoffry*? a hard name by'r Lady. why when?

Ant. O I could creepe into a *catkin* purse,
Endure the sent of a *Court-fardingall*
For a concealement now.

ACT. 4. SCENE. 8.

Merda. Stipes. Anteros.

Merda. Good-hony-sweet-sugercandy Father, forgieue mee but this time, and if euer I doe to any more, I'll neuer bee seene neither *byde*, or *bayre* againe.

Stip. He, ho, oho, ho a great *lob*, stand vp.
I doe forgieue you, but on this condition, that for your penance you shall weare this rod, stucke at your backe till night.

Mer. With all my heart good Father sticke it on.

Stip. So: how dost thou like my man *Chuckin*? goe to, looke on him well.

Merda. Does hee come a wooing Father? if hee does, I'll

The Riuall Friends.

run away and make him belecue I'me coy.— [*She offers to run into the house. Hee puls her backe with his hooke.*]

Stip. Whither now you great baggage? You'l come againe? But stay am not I an old foole? an old derardly foole, that haue not enquir'd what my man can doe yet? *Ieffry.*—

Mer. Is his name *Ieffry*? Father, good father doe, pray you father let him dwell with vs, you'l now you promis'd me, that you would hire a man, and buy him a *Cloake*, that he might goe before mee as they doe before *Gentlefookes* daughters, when my new gowne was made, I that you did, so marry did you.

Ant. What haue wee now to doe?

Stip. Peace and catch a mouse.

Mer. There's *claglocks* enow 'ith house to make him a cloak
Sweete—hony—sugar—comfit father let him.

Stip. No more. *Ieffry*, how now you *floutch*? how doe you stand? Come hither, goe to, goe to, did you euer wear a cloake in your life? answer mee roundly.

Ant. No not I, I can't tell how.

Stip. Ah beggars brat! how now? but I must haue you learne, that you may man your young *Mistris* there sometimes. Come on let mee see how finely you can doe the feat, walke before her, follow him daughter. [*Hee Walkes, Merda staves behind, tying her shoe.*]

Ant. Here's a sweete office!

[*Hee beats him.*]

Stip. You great *lobcocke* you.

[*Hee beats him.*]

He teach you to looke behind you, to see whether your charge followes, or no, what? would you bee gadding without your charge?

Ant. I, am I arriu'd at this?— *Whoffer* did you strike one?

Stip. Doe you prate too? looke you here, marke but mee, I haue *seene* the day, when I could haue *stinged* it before my sweet heart.—*short and thicke citizen like, you maukin*, what? two acres breadth at a stride? I, I by'r Lady; He cut you short in *mock-timber*, for this minion; is your *smock* so wide, with a murren to you? *short and thicke citizen like*: how now?

ACT. 4. SCE. 9.

Stripes. Anteros. Merda. 2 Rusticall Seruants.

two Mayds. Fidlers.

1. Rust. Hy, strike vp braue boyes, hy, for our towne.

Stip. Hy, for your towne say you? you are a company of lazy,

The Rival Friends.

lubberly knaves, there's the short and the long on't, ho, ho, boyes, ho, ho boyes? what drabs too? girls too? daxies too? yee are a company of flowbackly Queenes, there's *sauce for your eates*.

2. *Rust.* Come Kate, croude on. *Ant.* O, O, the whole torrent of all woman kind is broke in vpon mee, what shall I doe?

Mer. Cuds, cuds, these are Mr. *Livelyes* men and mayds, that are come to daunce vpon the greene. Pray you Father let mee daunce with them.

Stip. You daunce with them? you are a great *princecockly pup-lady*; there's *mustard for your breife too*, since you will needs haue it; 'suds I haue beene a wit in my dayes, there's some reliques lett yet, goe to, goe to. 1. *Mayd.* Oh *Stripes*! I pray you let your daughter daunce with vs a little.

Stip. Daunce with you? pray you vpsolue me this question, what holy day is this? *Latter Lammas*? or *St. Ginnyes Even*?

Rust. 1. Come on braue Sheeheard, our Master ha gi-
ven vs leaue to trip it for an hower, or two, I'faith we haue had
a wedding at our house to day. *Stip.* A wedding? a wedding?
what wedding? vpsolue mee that question.

2. *Rust.* Betweene a gentleman and a gentlewoman, but
what care wee what they bee.

2. *Mayd.* Come on old *Grummelseedes*, what must we stand
thrumming of caps all day, vvaiting on your graue ignorance?
by the faith of my body, either let your daughter daunce vwith
vs, or I'll make your old bones rattle in your skin, I'll lead you
a *Coranto*, I'faith. *Ant.* An *Amazon*, by heauens an *Amazon*,
a *Penthesilea*. *Stip.* I, I by'r Lady? are you au'd of that?

Mer. Pray you forsooth, good-hony-sweete-plumpudding
father, vwee'll haue but one spirit I'faith lauv; *Sellengers round in
spotts*, or *put on thy smocke on munday*.

1. *Rust.* But what flap-mouth'd fellow's that behind the tree
there? *Ant.* Now comes my *Cue*. *Stip.* Who he? ano-
ther gates fellow then you take him for, goe to, goe to, it is my
man I tell you. 2. *Rust.* But can hee daunce?

Stip. Oh in print, he trips it like a fayry. *Icoffry.* Hy, hy, how
now? what? tricks? how now? 2. *Mayd.* How now
young man? what so modest? come on, take mee by th' hand.

Mer. Take mee *Icoffry*. I'll daunce with our *Icoffry*, or else I
won't dance at all, no I won't, law you now. *Ant.* I can't daunce.

Stip. Hee's a lying knave, I saw him my selfe; to him, to
him.

The Rivall Friends.

to him, frolick it nimble whilst I come back; because 'tis his first day he shall haue leaue, my daughter too, for halfe an houre, no more. Go to, go to.

Exit Stipes.

ACT. 4. SCEN. 10.

Anteros, Merda, two Rusticall Servants, 2.

Ancilla, Fiddlers.

2 *Rust.* But strike it out, we burne day-light.

Merda. Ah the Lord! but where's our *Ieoffrey*?

1 *Anc.* Cuds me! I doubt the great clowne's run away.

2 *Anc.* Whoo! hee's got up into the tree there.

1 *Rust.* Where? where? oh *cuds workens & swowkers*, I haue him by the leg: *Robin*, helpe here *Robin.* *Ant.* What a murren ayles you? can't you let one alone? 2 *Rust.* Come, come, you must needs daunce, we want one. *Ant.* Can't daunce.

2 *Anc.* Can't you daunce, my little shamefac'd one?

Can you kisse a pretty wench in a corner?

Ant. Let one alone, I can't; I tell you, I won't daunce.

1 *Rust.* I but you shall firrah, in spite of your teeth.

Ant. Pish, 'won't daunce. 1 *Anc.* Come *Merda*, you must entreat him, hee'l daunce with you I know. *Mer.* Prithee now *Ieoffrey* doe, prithee now good *Ieoffrey* doe, wu'd I might ne're stir law, if I don't make you a *bisning posset*, with a great *lump* of *hony* in't, when my father and mother bee gone to bed, if you will. *Ant.* Pish I can't daunce.

1 *Rust.* Come let the great foole alone, wee'l dance our selues.

Mer. Prithee now *Ieoffrey*.

Ant. What shall I say? you'l laugh at one.

Mer. Wu'd I was whipt if I doe.

1 *Anc.* Besworne I won't.

2 *Anc.* Nor I on my mayden-head.

Ant. Come on then, since there is no remedy. *they daunce*

2 *Rust.* Hi, now every one kisse his marrow.

Ant. I ne're was miserable 'till now *Merda wipes her mouth, and expects*

Mer. *Ieoffrey, Ieoffrey.*

2 *Anc.* Why don't you kisse your marrow?

Ant. I won't, I can't kisse.

1 *Rust.* No can't? wee'l trie that: *Robin*, hold his tother arme fast: so, so, now *Merda*, now, well sayd, againe, againe; why so then.

They all laugh.

Ant. They live in *Paradise* that thrash. 1 *Anc.* Tihiy.

2 *Anc.* Tihiy, *Robin*, come hither.

Ante. Those happy *Paracelsians* are in heauen,
That trade by night i'th *mineralls* of the citie.

2 *Anc.* What doe you meane to fight *Merda*?

Merd. Ay-me—I forgot the rod.

They laugh.

1 *Anc.* Fie, why doe you blush so *Merda*?

Shee throws

Merd. I don't blush, you are a lyer.

it away.

1 *Rust.* Fie upon you *Merda*, a great mayden, and blush.

Merd. Aw, but you lye though, I did not blush, I won't
daunce no more with you.

2 *Rust.* O by any meanes doe not forsake us yet, one daunce
more; who was it that said shee blush'd? shee did not blush, I
know she scornes to blush; come take your *Ieoffrey* by the hand
again.

Ant. I'm weary, I can't daunce no more.

1 *Rust.* Weary? faith I'd *squiffe* it; weary? about with it
I say.

They daunce againe.

ACT. 4. SCENE. II.

Stipes, with two dead lambes upon his
hooke, & *cateri.*

Sti. O lazy varlets! is this a time to daunce? you idle persons;
What will you leaue I say? looke heere I pray; doe's this same
spectacle agree with turning on the toe, or capring? go to, go
to, fie, fie, ah my sweet lambes, I dare bee sworne for you, yee
thinke no body hurt at this instant. Come hither you my nim-
ble skipper, upsolue me this question, what's your 'pinion must
be done with these?

1 *Rust.* Pish lets away, strike vp, *Stipes* adiew.

2 *Anc.* Farewell *Merda*.

2 *Anc.* And you my *ninny*, *pease-straw-wisse* that cannot kisse.

2 *Rust.* *Stipes* farewell, hey.

Exeunt.

Stip. *Stipes* farewell? but *Stipes* cannot farewell, if his affaires
goe thus quite arsy varsy; you whorson crab-fac'd *lyzard*, you
left-leg'd rogue, what is there nothing else belongs unto this
geare, thinke you, but onely to stare on them with your two
sawcers of *mustard*? s'duds, either take them up quickly, and to
worke about them, or Ile ———

Stipes strikes him.

Ant. This is the second time; this once I'll suffer:

But

But by yon *pallace* of the Gods I sweare,
Let him but once more touch me with the top
Of his least finger, and I'll ramme his truncke
Into the center : I haue said it.

Stip. Are you muttering ? you'll in with them, and dispatch
them; goe you home too, my daughter *Merda*.

Merda. Vm, vm, vm, you might haue let one daunce a little
longer, so you might, so you might ; I am not yet hote in my
geares. *Exeunt Ant. Merda.*

Stip. Are you mumbling too ? what my whole family turn'd
rebels ? s'duds—I promise you, I promise you, 'tis not my best
course I see to beat my man thus often; a surly knaue by'r Lady,
a surly knaue, a strong knaue too, I doe not like his lookes, he has
a vineger countenance : but peace and catch a mouse, cry I.

ACTVS 4. SCENA 12.

Laurentio, Stipes.

Laur. But see, I will enquire; honest man, a word.

Stip. Honest man in your face, who'se owes you ; 's'duds,
haue I nothing to doe, but to prittle, prattle, with euery one I
meet, thinke you ? *Exit.*

Lau. What an unheard of rudenesse haue we here ?
Are these the manners of the countrey ? well.
This is the place, as I am told, wherein
That *Lucius* liues, who not long since prevayl'd
With his faire flattering speeches, for to haue
My sonne *Endymion* to be his Page.
But oh yee awfull powers !
I had no father in mee should I suffer
Mine onely sonne to lead a servile life
With one that is mine enemy, nay more,
The ruine and subversion of my family.
O daughter *Isabella* !

Whilst thy false Lover melts within the armes
Of his new purchac'd *Mistress*, thou (poore girle)
Embracest scorne and povertie, or else
(Which I doe rather wish were true) cold death.
But I doe heare,
Since my arrivall, of some Country people,
That they haue seene, some fortnight since or more,

A pretty boy,lingring about this village
 Much about her stature, and complexion,
 Which did enquire for a Gentleman
 That was without a Page; this may be shee,
 Who for the loue of *Lucius*,has put on
 Some strange disguise. Whom cannot loue transforme?

ACTVS 4. SCENA 13.

Placenta, Laurentio, Pandora, Endymion.

Plac. Ha, ha, he.

Whilst the poore flye does sport her selfe too long
 About the amorous flame, she burnes her wings.
 Her counterfeiting of a Loue, is now
 Turn'd into earnest. *Endymion's* now the man
 She sweares she loues; as for the other two
 She has forgot their very names already.

Lau. Does not this woman name my sonne?

Let me see, is not this *Endymion*? it is hee,
 And with him a fayre gentlewoman. Ha?

Enter Pand.

Endymion.

Pand. But tell me dearest, did thy Master *Lucius*
 Once loue thy sister *Isabella* so,

Whom now he has forsaken? *End.* Yes. *Pan.* Behold
 That treachery repayd him. *Lau.* See, they kisse.

Pla. But what old Gentleman is this? *La.* I'll shew my selfe.
 All health to this faire loving couple. *End.* O, —

Lau. Why do'st thou flie me? *End.* 'Tis my father, — father.
 God saue you. *Lau.* Dearest sonne, my best of blessings.

End. How haue you done sir, since I saw you last?

Laur. As well as one can doe that has departed
 With's onely daughter. *End.* Why, is my sister dead?

Laur. I know not that, But I am sure her credit,
 The candor of her name is perished.

End. Good sir, as how? Instruct me. *Lau.* Ah *Endymion*,
 Since that most treacherous *Lucius* left the Citie
 I haue not seene her, onely I heare of her,
 But little to my comfort. — But no more,
 I haue forgot her, and her folly both.
 Prepare thy selfe (my sonne) immediatly,
 To leaue this place and service; for thy fortunes
 (How e're they were before, slender and poore)

Must not now see thee hold a trencher for
A better man then *Lucius*. Thy old vnclē
As he liv'd well, in a seasonable age
Is gone into the graue, and by his will
Hath given to thee eight thousand pound, and three
Vnto thy sister, (though unworthy) what
Else he was worth in lands and goods, is mine.

Pla. *Pandora*, kisse mee girle, kisse mee I say,
I haue deserued it, 'twas my invention,
My plot this (girle) th'art happy wench, th'art happy.

Pan. Is this your father sweet?

End. It is faire Mistris.

Sir, I congratulate our fortunes with you;
But if you doe desire to haue my joyes
Full and o'reflow their banks, grant me your leaue
To marry this faire Gentlewoman. *Laur.* Alas,
This is not in my power *Endymion*:

But if thou canst procure her friends consent—

Pan. Sir feare not that, I will entreat my father.

Laur. As for a portion, 'tis not thought upon
My son, if you be pleas'd. *End.* Sir, I am pleas'd,
Shee is to me most deare. *Pan.* *Placenta*, runne,
See if my father be within,—I know *Ex. Pla.*
(Most worthy sir) that I shall win him to it.

Laur. But canst thou tell no newes of *Isabella*,
Sweet son? *End.* No, none at all sir. *Lan.* Ah poore heart!
But 'tis no matter, I'll forget her quite. *Redit in sce-*
Where is thy Mr *Lucius*? *End.* I know not. *nam Plac.*

Pla. Your father's walk'd abroad with M^{rs} *Vrsely*
Your sister, but whither, there's none can tell me.
As yet the plot concerning *Constantina* to herselfe.
Is not descri'd. *Pan.* Most reverend sir, wilt please you
To walke into the pastures, peradventure
There we shall meet my father. *Lan.* But I had rather
That I could compasse that same villaine *Lucius*,
That he might heare what he deserues. *Linely runs in,*

Nean. Villaine. *Live.* I am undone. *Nean. following with*

Pla. Ah me! *Neander* with his naked sword! *his sword*
He runne in heere. *drawne.*

Pan. Ah! *End.* Let's away good father. *Exeunt.*

The Rival Friends.

ACT. 4. SCEN. 14.

Neander, Linely.

Nean. O that thou hadst
As many liues as haire, that I might be
An age in killing thee, that I might score up
Each passing minute with a life: — But speake,
How durst thou thus abuse me? *Lin.* I did not know
Shee was a woman. *Nean.* No, didst thou not know it?
But thou shalt know thy selfe to be a man,
One that can dye. *Lin.* — O — O —

Nean. How poore is this reuenge? hast thou any children,
Or kinsfolkes (speake) that I may kill them too?
Ha? wilt thou not answer? how durst thou offer this?

Lin. Because I loued your friend *Lucius*
Better then you. *Nean.* Better then I? that word
Does merit death though thou hadst beene preseru'd
White from thy cradle to this houre. —
Doeft thou loue *Lucius*? ha? *Lin.* Yes.

Nean. Liue; no, no thou must not;
Thou might'st haue kil'd my father, broke the vrne
Wherein my mothers ashes sleepe, farre cheaper.
But for his sake, thus much I'll grant thee, chuse
The manner of thy death — shall I take off thy head?
Or hadst thou rather dye vpon the poynt?
Thinke quickly, nay be instant. *Lin.* Worthy Sir:
Let mee entreate some little space to pause
I haue not yet determin'd.

Nean. Well thou hast it. But see that it bee speedy.

ACT. 4. SCEN. 15.

Laurentio, Lucius, Neander, Linely.

Lau. Most perfidious. Contemner of all goodnesse. —

Luc. Excellent.

Nay forward, on, wee know you haue a tongue.

Nean. Ha? is this *Lucius*? *Lau.* Where is my *Isabella*,
Whom thou hast loaden with disgrace? restore mee
Her honour (villaine) her good name. *Nean.* I must
Deferre my iust reuenge I see a little.
He must not know that I am angry, nor

How

The Rivall Friends.

How I am gull'd. *Laur.* Thou base unworthy man.

Luc. Would you could raise your voyce a little fir,
You are not heard. *Laur.* Thou staine of all mankind.

Nean. Thou owest thy life unto my *Lucius*.

I am not now at leasure for to kill thee.

Lin. Nor I for to be kild for a trick I know. *Ex. Linely.*

Luc. Are you drawne drie so quickly, M^r *Lickthumbe*?

Haue you no more good names in pickle for me?

Nay come ifaith, let's haue an other bout.

Nea. But is he gone? he must not so escape me. *Ex. Nean.*

Lan. Where is my daughter? where is my daughter, rascal?

Ah *Isabella*. *Luc.* So: but Sir resolute mee,

Haue yee no *Empericks*? no *Physitians*

I'th Citty, that you thus doe send your mad men

Into the country to be cur'd? but Sir

I'll leaue you. *Laur.* But I will not so leaue you.

Luc. You will not? *Lan.* No, I'll be a torment to thee.

Luc. You will? but yet take heed that your ill language
Procures not me to turne *Physician*.

This sword of mine opens a veine but harshly,

Doe you heare.

Finis Actus quarti.

The Song.

Haue you a desire to see

The glorious heavens Epitome?

Or an abstract of the Spring?

Adonis garden? or a thing

Fuller of wonder, Natures shop display'd,

Hung with the choycest pieces she has made?

Here behold it open layd.

Or else would you blesse your eyes

With a type of paradise?

Or behold how Poets faine

Ioue to sit amidst his traine?

Or see (what made Acteon rue)

Diana mongst her Virgin crue?

Lift up your eyes and view.

ACT 5.

ACT. 5. SCEN. I.

Stipes solus.

Why so then, now we are all alone. We? you great neate,
What haue you pig's in your belly? by'r Lady, If I wist
I had, I would not vnkennell this secret yet, well if there
Were hog's in my belly too, I see that it will out;
This mouth of mine was not cut out for secret's —

O wicked seruant! lewd daughter!

O *Merda, Merda*, thou hast lost thy selfe

For euer, thou hast defiled my house, my good name, my family. As I even now came from my sheepe, I found my daughter, at her nooning forsooth, fast a slepe vpon her bed, and there was shee (as shee vses often) campring to her selfe alone in her sleepe, 'scouring to her selfe, but what was her 'scourse thinke you? Not about her hufwifery; not how many hens were with egge, but she vpon you *Ieffry* are you not ashamed? O! Ah! she vpon you *Ieffry* are you not ashamed to touch one by the skinne? Ile tell my father (nere moue) if you will not bee quiet. I, I by'r Lady, worse then this, worse stuffe then this, what shall I say? without all doubt this left legd-rascall has dub'd mee Gran-father without Matrimony. But peace and *catch a mouse cry I*, some wiser then some, old birds will not be catch'd wi h shaffe. I haue a trick in store if it will take, to be reueng'd sufficiently — no more. *Ieffry*, Why *Ieffry*.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 2.

Anteros, Stipes.

Ant. What gaping knaue is that?

Stip. How now *Ieffry*? know you not mee *Ieffry*? know you not mee? But let that passe though—I'll bee with you anon i' faith for all this geere. Come hither Left-legs, come hither. Peace and *catch a mouse cry I*. Did you euer when you were at your old Masters, learne to set a trap, *Ieffry*?

Ant. Yes a mouse trap

Stip. O firrah, firrah; but wee must haue to doe with other gates kind of cattell, I meane a fox trap Left-legs, come hither, come hither, looke you here, and learne, for this same night must

I send you into the Pastures to inuite my fine *Reynold* to morrow to breake-fast, goetoo, goe too, hee is something too familiar with my Lambs, marke you that left legs? A little nigher I pray you. Helpe me to twist this Corde — Well said, be a faithful seruant *Ieoffry*. ou know I haue a daughter *Ieoffry*. Peace and catch a Moue *Ieoffry*. You great dunder nolt — Souds — You'll lay both hands to work — A bots on you; you hang on my back to see you. Your tother hand in, and draw behind thee, thus looke you here. [*He gets his hands into the cerdes, and on a suddaine tyeshim too a tree.*] Ha, ha, he, toh. How ranke he smells — but 'tis no matter, I begin to grow old, and 'tis good (they say) Against the Palfey. Ha, ha, he, he, ho. You villaine, Hee loues Mutton well, that dips his bread in'th wooll.

No lesse then your Masters daughter Left-legs?

Come on in troth, 'vp'olue me this question is she not tender? is she not delicate? a pretty morsell? Does shee not rellish well? a pretty moricell? but I'll teache you firrah to play the Maton, and lay your *chips o'th rock* where you're desired Left-legs, where you're desired. But I am something feeble through my age, And cannot longer hold out 'scourie with you, Without my staff, without my supporter, sir, I pray you doe not stirre till my retuine, But let me finde you here, I haue some businesse, Goe to, goe to, I haue some businesse with you.

Exit Stipes.

ACT. 5. SCE. 3.

Anteros. Loueall.

Ant. Nay 'tis no matter I deserue it all,
Troth I doe hope that he will baste me soundly.
Beshrow his fingers if he does not, soundly.
I must be in my tricks, forsooth, my tricks:
Haue my devices, and my turnes, my changes.
But torment of all torments! here comes *Loueall*.
Why this is worse then fise an' twenty beatings;
O that some greedy vndertaker of liues
Would giue me but a double Striuer now
For mine, that I might cozen him. As sure
As Death, or *Iustice Hookes* deuouring pawes,
I shall be keer'd to death, immediatly.

*Enter
Loueall.*

Low. It is a strange darke melancholly this
That thus torments my Sister, I haue beene
An houre with her, and in all that time
Cannot perswade her troubled soule to forme
The least ayre shee breathes, into articulate language.
But stay what haue wee here? *Ans.* Now it begin's.

Low. A man tyed to a tree?

Ans. I would your tongue
Was tyed as fast; then there was hope I might
Escape with life. *Low.* What are you fellow, speake?

Ans. You may goe looke, goe meddle with your owne.

Low. So angry 'pray thee? how came thy hands in mortgage?
Shall I redeeme them? *Ans.* Redeeme your owne land's I
pray you,

Let me alone or else I'll spurne you — yet
Hee knowes mee not.

Low. Sure I haue seene that face.

Ans. O, O, O —

Low. Is't hee or not, ha? *Anteros.* *Ans.* No more.
Death not a word. *Low.* But heaven and earth man! how
Comes this to passe? What has begot this change?

Ans. Wilt thou vnty me? I will tell thee all.

Low. But pray thee *Anteros.* — *Ans.* But pray thee Iack
Thou wilt vndoe me quite by thy delayes,
Wilt thou vndoe me? *Low.* 'Tis not a friendly part.

Ans. Pox o' that least, as common as a woman,
Or her *Synonymy*; wilt thou vnty mee? *He vntyes him.*

Low. 'Tis done. *Ans.* Thou art my Patron *Loneall*, So.
But stay a while, I must desire your ayde

A little further. *Low.* What has hee now in hand?

[*He pulls off his Shepherds robes which were aboue his owne, pluckes
Garters, Pumps, Roses, a Band out of his Pocket.*]

Ans. Can you become a peaceable man?

Low. How now?

A Snake, a Snake; hee's young againe, ha, ha, he.
What? Pinkes and Roses too? Why so, hee pluckes
Iune out of's pocket. *Ans.* Can you be quiet yet?

Low. And Garters too? *Ans.* That slippery tongue of yours
I doubt will spoyle all. *Low.* What? and a band? so, so;
The vayne of *Tempe's* not so fresh, the picture,

The Riuall Friends.

The ~~O~~ery picture of the *Spring*, when th'e earth
Layes by her *freeze-coats*, and tames Forrester.

Ant. Thus far it prospers, once more your help *sweet lack*,
Nay come, and take me that same rope againe,
And binde me as I was before, directly
In the same garbe you found me — Doe not stand
Gazing, but do't. *Low.* Then art not mad I hope?

Ant. If I be mad, I will not trouble you
For counsaile, nor for Physick; nay wilt thou come?
But hold a little, I must first borrow of you
Your Hat, and Sword. [*Hee lends him his hat and sword.*]
Low. Which way this plot will looke

I know not — there — come let me see your hand's
Since you wil needs. *Ant.* Why now thou'rt right, thou'rt right.

Low. What will you haue me doe besides? come on,
Your legges too if you will. *Ant.* No more, *St.* harke.
The Shepheards doore. Trouble vs not good *Loueall*.
Onely stand close and heare. *Low.* What should this meane?

ACT. 5. SCEN. 4.

Stripes With a cudgell in his hand. Anteros. Loueall.

Strip. Fie *Ieoffry*, are you not asham'd, to touch one by the
skinne? My daughter denies all this most stily but I will Ferret-
claw my Lobcock i'faith. So, now I am arm'd. Goe to, goe to,
come you knaue, where are you?

Low. Ha, ha, he. *Strip.* Ha? ha? ha? How now by'r Lady?
How now? I, I, by'r Lady? what's this? What's this? gaudy?
gaudy? Fine cloathes? fine cloathes? Ha? has no body stole
my eyes? let me be sure of that in the first place. Am I *Stripes*
or not? ha? ha? ha? Is this our *Ieoffry* or not? *Ant.* *Stripes*,
Stripes I say. *Strip.* This is another voyce an other face
Without all question this is *Fayrie Ground*;

My man is chang'd. *Low.* ha, ha, he. *Ant.* *St.* *Strip.* hi, hi, hi.
A sward too? a sward too? a whiniard too? *Ant.* *Stripes*.

Strip. Well I will venture to speake what ere come on't, but
stay, I'll first say o're the charme my Mother learnt me.
Beest thou deuill gentle, or beest thou deuill curst,

The Rival Friends.

In the name of Saint Swishin doe thy worst.

There's sauce for your Eccles what e're you are. Now see if I cannot scape you an answere. *Ant.* Come nearer to mee.

Stip. Are you auis'd of that? *older and wiser, Soft fire makes sweet Maule, No hast to hang true men;* come nearer quoth you? I am neare enough already for the good you'ie doe me I doubt, Come nearer say you? No good *M. Deuill* I am very wel I thank you, goe to, come nearer when you haue a Sward, a Twybill?

Ant. My hands are bound man. *Lon.* What will becom of this?

Ant. Sr. Stip. If your feet were bound too, I'le not trust you As long as you haue a Sward by your side, a Whiniard.

Ant. Do but heare me. Had not you a man to day call'd *Icoffry*?

Stip. Yes marry had I; what say you to that now? Nay I'le keepe my selfe out of your clouches I warrant you.

Ant. But what's become of that same *Icoffry*?

Stip. Become? become? 'spose I spurd you an answere, and said I know not, what can you make of that now? make mee a horsenaile of that. *Ant.* Doe you desire to know?

Stip. Yes marry doe I. Crack mee that nut now if you be a Gentleman Deuill. —

Ant. I am that *Icoffry*, but no seruant now Of your's, but mine owne man: and am become Since your departure, noble, rich, valiant, Am form'd a new out of the Mint, — behold me. And this great miracle *Obron the Fayry King*

Has wrought vpon me. *Stip.* *Oberum? Oberum?* you tell me strange things. *Ant.* But shal I tel thee stranger things the these?

Stip. 'spose you did.

Ant. And such as shall be for thy bent fit? —

Stip. Would you would else. Nay stare on with your gogles till Barly comes to six pence a bushell. You know your wages, some wiser then some cry I: I'le keepe farre enough off you: I'le tell you but so. Goe to, goe to, I am a crafty colt.

Ant. You know I vvas your seruant to day.

Stip. Well put the case. *Ant.* Poore, ill apparell'd.

Stip. Put the case the second time. *Ant.* But now you see how strangely altered. *Stip.* Well put the case againe.

Ant. VVhat vvill you say now to the man that shall Put you into the same condition? Resouer you from rag's and Ruffet, and

Dye you in scarlat : lick that rude lump your body
Into the shape, and garbe o'th court? or (once)
Make you a gentleman as I am now?
Would you not thanke him *Stripes*? ha? would you not
thanke him?

Strip. Thanke him Mr. *Icoffry*? I, with all my heart.

Ant. Set him at liberty then that will performe it.

Quickly vnloose me? [*Hee vntyes him.*]

Strip. I, I by'r Lady? will you so Mr. *Icoffry*? will you so?
goe to, goe to, a gentleman? sayd you mee so? I con you thanke
Mr. *Icoffry*.

Ant. So, now will I vnfold the mysterie.
But first you here shall promise mee that you
Will take not prentises to learne your trade,
When I haue taught you the art; you will impoverish
The *herald's* office, and forestall his market.

Strip. Not truly Mr. *Icoffry.* *Ant.* I am satisfied;
Seest thou that tree? 'twas made for thy aduancement.
Giue mee thy hands that I may tye them quickly.

Strip. Are you avis'd o' that? *Ant.* What doe you meane?
You'le bee preuented by another——death!

Yonder comes one will be before you——quickly

There's such a vertue (man) in this same tree,

That who-soere is bound vnto it, shall

Be turn'd immediately to a gentleman.

Nay come. *Strip.* but is this true? *Ant.* beleue your eyes.

Heart of my father, man! youle bee preuented.

Strip. A gentleman? sayd you me so? goe to, goe to, [*He tyes*
Good Master *Icoffry* quickly——so but stay. *Stripes* to the tree.]

When I'me a gentleman may I not vse, my old trade of sheeph-
herd still? I would not leaue it. *Ant.* O, and inclose; 'tis all in
fashion. *Strip.* I, I, by'r Lady? thats well, but stay againe.

Ant. Nay you are like to stay now, I haue you fast enough

Strip. 's duds, if thou be'st a good coniuurer make me a knight
to. I haue a pestilent itch after a knighthood.

Ant. You must take gentleman first 'ith way.

Strip. Let mee skip gentleman good Mr. *Icoffry*, 'duds
I know knights in this countrey that neuer were

Gentlemen—but vsolue me this question? can you make

My daughter *Merda* a gentleman too? *Ant.* A gentlewoman

The Rival Friends.

Stipes I can. *Stip.* I, I, so I meant it— *Merda, Merda,*
A bet on you, *Merda*, are you dreaming again?

Ant. O for some nimble pated fellow now
To make an *Ob'ron* of. *Low.* He furnish thee.
There is a notable witty bedlam begging
At our back gate iust now. I'll fetch him to thee.

Ant. If thou dost loue mee, doe. *Exit Loveall.*

Stip. Why *Merda*, you'll come when your nowne father calls?

ACT. 5. SCE. 5.

Merda. Stipes. Anteros. Loveall. A Bedlam.

Merda. What doe you say Father forsooth?

Stip. That's a good girl. Nay there's towardly enough,
shee'll quickly learne. Why doe you stare so on Mr. *leoffry*?

Merda. What man is this Father?

Stip. Come you'r a toole, let that man alone. Wee shall bee
gentletolkes our selues my chacken, giue him your hands to try
I say, be obedient.

Thou presently shalt see thine owne sweet father,
As fine as hee, and thou my litle Sweet-lipp's
Shalt be a gentlewoman too, goe to, good *leoffry* tie her hands.

Ant. How *leoffry*? *Sti.* Good Mr. *leoffry*.

Ant. That's another thing.

Mer. Father forsooth shall I haue as fine cloth's on as Mistris
Vrsly forsooth?

Stip. O! she's halfe turn'd already: forsooth and a curtsey at eue-
ry word; Mrs. *Vrsely*? thou shalt put Mrs. *Vrsly* into a pint pot.

Merda. O the Lord! pray you forsooth Sir who loe're you are
doe mee quickly forsooth. *Ant.* But here's not rope enough.

Stip. Take off your garter quickly you *Maukin* you.

Mer. Here forsooth. And father, must I take place of my
mother when I'm a Gentlewoman?

Ant. Good. *Stip.* Marry shalt thou *goldy lockz*, and be a Li-
dy, and contemne her.

Call her the good old country woman too.

Ant. *Stipes*, but one word more and then I'll leaue you
Vnto your new creation—haue you nothing
Within your house to couer you? the crows
Perhaps may bee too impudent and saucy
With you, and now you can not helpe your selfe you know.

The Riuall Friends.

Stip. I, I by'r Lady? 'twas well thought vpon,
Good Mr. *Ieffry* step into my house, [He goes out and re-
You there shall finde my cloake, vsc that. *turnes presently with a*

Ant. 'Tis of a swooping cut, but now be sure long gray cloak.
You doe not speake a word what noile so ere
You chance to heare, perhaps the *fairy King*
Will take some pawse, study a while, consult
With his *Queene Mab* about you how to polish
And frame you of a purer shape then ordinary.
Doe you marke that? *St.* not a word good *Stripes*.

Stip. Ah sweet Mr. *Ieffry*. [Enter *Ioveall*

Ant. Peace and catch a mouse cry I. *with a Bedlam.]*

Love. Come on braue *Tom*, come on braue *Tom*. Remem-
ber your instructions *Tom*.

Beal. Let braue *Tom* alone. Let braue *Tom* alone.

Ant. A most authentick rogue, how he does stretch it?
paratragediate?

Bedlam *Newly from a poach'd Trade, and*
sings. *A broyl'd Viper, King of Fayry land*
I Ob'ren doe arise, to see

What mortall Fortune here hath tyed unto my sacred Tree.

Stip. O Mr. *Ieffry*, is that *Ob'rum*? Pray you let me see
him. [Ant. lifts up the cloake and *Stripes* sees him.]

Is this *Obrum*? 'sdada, hee is but poorly parrelled himselte
me thinks. *Ant.* *St.* *Stip.* Peace and catch a mouse cry I, but
once more good Mr. *Ieffry*. Let me haue but } *Ant. lifts up the*
one sight more of him. Mr. *Ieffry* does hee } *cloake againe.*

vse to giue away his cloathes when hee makes gentlefolkes?
'sdu's I doubt he has none left for me.

Ant. What doe you meane? *Stip.* Peace and catch a mouse
cry I. *Mer.* Good father let mee see *Obrum* too: ah, hee has a
hornelike a *Tom* of *Bedlam*. *Stip.* Peace, I wu'd not for the best
cow in my yard that he should heare thee.

Bedlam *Beest thou ruder then was e're*
sings. *The halfe excrement of a Beare,*
Or rougher then the Northerne winde
Cam'st thou of a Satyres kind;
Be what soeuer thou can'st be
So thou shalt remaine for mee.

Ant. Did you heare that *Stripes*? *Stip.* I, good Master
Ieffry

Leoffry, stand farther you great baggage and make roome for your fathers' proaching greatness.

Ant. But see my father, *Loucell*. Pray thee convey away the *Bedlam* any whether, carry him into your house againe and shoote him out at the back dore. *Love. Anteros*, I'll haue you to your business. I'll in and fetch an other hat. Come braue *Tom*. *Bed.* Let braue *Tom* none. [*Ex. Lou. & Bedlam.*] *Ant.* The *Iustice* too, 'tis so. Now am I hurried for about a wedding.

ACT. 5. SCE. 6.

Iustice Hooke, Terpander, Anteros Mrs. Vrsly.

Hooke, Terpander, you haue heard how much this match May both concerne you and your Sonne, your fortunes :

The greater part of your inheritance

You know is mortgag'd to mee, nay (He tell you)

If I would vse that rigour of the law

'Tis forfeited and past recovery ;

Thinke therefore quickly, if you would be free

From all those cares and troubles which afflict

Such as do liue in debt, compell your Son

To marry this my daughter. *Ant.* I am a witch,

A witch, a witch a rancke, starke stinking witch.

Hooke. It is an ample dowrie I confesse,

And little 'tis agreeing to my nature

To buy a husband at so deare a rate,

But I haue something that sounds rather in mee ;

And must not loose a daughter, if there bee

A remedy in nature. I rue it is,

That (by what angry Deity I know not)

Shee has so fixt her loue vpon your Son,

That I doe thinke naught but a quick fruition

Can rescue her from a death. *Ter.* Good *Iustice Hooke*,

I doe confesse your offer's fayre, and would

Accept it willingly, but that—*Hooke.* But what ?

Ter. I feare my Son will not agree vnto't.

Ant. Sir had you ta'ne an oath vpon the same

I would haue borne your sin, had you beene periur'd.

Ter. You know he hates all women. *Hooke.* very good.

Is he not your's, and vnder your command ?

Wee fathers make our children refractory,

By being too indulgent over them ;

Besides, I am perswaded that his vertues
Will not permit him for to contradict
Th' authority of a father. *Ant.* O ye Gods !
Can ye permit this Villaine to profane
The sacred name of Vertue thus, who himselſe
Is nothing elſs but a meere heape of vices ?

Ter. I ever yet found him obedient,
Nor doe I doubt to win him now : how ever,
I am resolv'd if he in this shall crosse me,
I'll disinherit him immediatly.

Ant. I? is it come to that already? well
Prepare thy selfe now *Anteros* for th' encounter.

Hooke, But see your sonne. Tis your best course at first
T' accost him gently. *Ter.* How now my son? how fare you?

Ant. I am not well sir. *Ter.* How not well? your colour
Does not proclaime you very sicke, but say.

Ant. Ther's something in my eyes that troubles me.

Ter. What's that? *Ant.* A mote, a woman. *Ter.* After the
Come on my son, I haue bin seeking of you, (old fashiō still)
And peradventure you may guesse the cause.

Ant. I would I could not. *Hooke,* Hold up your head my
And summon your best lookes into your face. (daughter

Ter. As I did walke even now into my pasture,
I did begin to thinke. *Ant.* That I was old,
That must be next. (in yeares ;

Ter. That now I'me strucke in yeares. *Ant.* Good, strucke
And could he not as frugally haue dispatcht it
In that one word of old? *Ter:* And —

Ant: That it will be a comfortable sight
To see you marryed before I dye.

Ter: That it will be a comfortable sight
To see you marryed before my death.

Ant: I told you so, it is the common roade
Which they all use when they would pin a wife
Vpon the son. I wonder all this while
The staffe of's age, propp of his family
Did not come in. *Ter:* Whilest I was thinking thus,
Old justice *Hooke*, a Gentleman of rancke,
And of a family not to be despis'd,
Came to me with his daughter, and desir'd

Our friendship and affinitie; and to be brieſe,
 We haue concluded 'twixt yee two a marriage,
 Which muſt be preſent; as for the portion,
 H'as promis'd in the wedding fire to ſacrifice
 The *Bonds* wherein our Lands ſtand forfeited.
 A thing beyond my hopes, or your deſerts.

Ant. A pox upon that *thumb* under the *girdle*,
 There's miſchiefe ever toward's: I never knew
 One of that garbe that prov'd an honeſt man.
 'Tis the graue cheating poſture of the citie.

Ter. What's that you mutter to your ſelfe? come ſpeake.

Ant. I am contented ſir. *Ter.* Well ſaid my ſon.

Ant. But upon this condition, that it ſhall
 Be lawfull too for me to ſacrifice
 Vnto the aforeſaid fire a certaine triſle
 Of mine. *Ho.* Whats that? *Ant.* My wife, & your faire daughter.

Ter. Out on you traytor. *Ant.* Sir, by yea and nay
 It cannot be afforded cheaper. *Hoo.* Wretch
 And profane perſon. *Ter.* Sai'ſt thou ſo thou villaine?
 Haſt thou no more regard unto thy father,
 Nor to his ſhipwrackt fortunes, that thou thus
 Doeſt ſtudie his undoing? plot his ruine?

Ant. But father, if I marry her to day,
 When muſt the wooing be? to morrow ſir?

Hoo. Thou ſhalt not need to wooe her *Anteros*,
 Shee is thine owne already. *Ant.* Is ſhee ſo?
 Would you waſhang'd ſir for the newes. *Ter.* Piſh, come,
 I will not ſpend an article of ayre
 Vpon him more — good M^r *Hooke* lets goe,
 The following houre ſhall ſee him no ſon of mine.

Hoo. O, mildly ſir. *Ant.* It is determin'd
 By all the ſtarres, they haue conſulted, plotted
 To make me miſerable. *Hoo.* Come *Terpander*,
 You are too harſh with him, I know your ſonne
 Does more eſteeme of *Vertue* and *Religion* —

Ant. Good Maſter *Sacriledge*, a word in private:
 (A little farther, yet a little farther)
 How came you by that ſtrange *exotick* word
 You us'd but now? had you't on intereſt?
 Or was it lent you *gratis* of a friend?

Hoo. What

Hoo. What word good *Anteros*? *Ant.* Religion,
For I am sure yet thou never hadst,
Nor ever wilt haue any of thine owne.

Hoo. O profane person! *Ter.* This once I speake it.
Wilt haue his daughter? *Ant.* What shall I answer him?
I shall be dis-inherited that's certaine.

Ter. He melts, Mr *Hooke*, hee melts, I feele him comming.
Hee is our owne. *Ant.* But why so suddenly?
Good sir, at least giue me some time to think.

Ter. Never hope it. *Ant.* But why sir to day?

Ter. Because it pleaseth him it most concernes.

Ant. Doe but deferr it till to morrow sir,
(Could I obtaine but this request, I was happy, *aside.*
I'de keepe to morrow in another world)

Ter. Vntill to morrow? not for an houre: I know
Your disposition sonne too well for that.
I haue you now, but where you'l be next day,
Hee's wiser then your father that does know.

Ant. But father, I beseech you heare. *Ter.* But son
I will not heare, I tell you. Master *Hooke*,
You here doe giue your daughter? *Hoo.* Willingly.
Anteros, receiue thy loving wife. *Ter.* How now?
You will not urge me?—goe too, doe not doe it.

Ant. O that mine armes are now at libertie!
O *Stipes*, happiest man aliue, thou hast
No hands to make a contract, —is there never
A *Mouſe-hole* hereabouts to creepe into?
But stay awhile, my paper portion.

The writings. *Hoo.* Take them. *Ant.* You'r an honest man.
[*He giues them him, & Ant. teares the in pieces.*]
Tis right. *Hoo.* Now take your wife.

Ant. I wish you a Barber sir.
Is that faire Edifice yours? *Hoo.* It is my sonne.
Ant. Gooder and gooder still; my son? then take
My counsell sir, go to your house and purge,
You will be mad else presently; prevent
The current of the humour, for I see
(With that poore little reading which I haue
I'th volume of man) by your distempered looks,
That some strange deepe, and conquering *Melancholy*

E're long will seize you: why doe you follow me
 Thus with your *braided* ware? nay never frowne,
 Good Mr *Justice*, let's haue no *Warrants* made,
 Nor *Muttimusses* with your distorted lookes;
 Wee haue a forehead too, and can looke grim,
 And make as ugly and prodigious faces,
 As the most ignorant *Justice* of you all.
 But shall I tell you (sweet Mr *Velvet-hose*)
 What I will doe, because you were so kind,
 For to deliuer in the Bonds for nothing?
 Nay sir, I must transplant these thumbes, before
 I can resolute you: so.—Thou'rt a damn'd rascall,
 And I will cut that throat of thine (doe you marke?)
 And when I'ue done, will *fillip* that *morsell*, woman,
 On an *embassage* to my *Hawkes*, no more;
 By heauens I'le do't. *Hoo*. Oh *Traitor*, *Miscreant*,
 Daughter take heed; *Terpander*, O *Terpander*,
 He threatens me to cut my throat. *Ter*. How's that?

Ant. Sir, you must pardon him, the man is mad.

Hoo. He sweares he will make *hawkesmeat* of my daughter.

Ant. On my virginittie sir, he does me wrong;
 I did not charge a syllable upon him,
 But fell as coolely from me as a dew
 Vpon a *drooping* field; each word I vented
 Was steep'd in an hony-combe. I did but bid him
 In a plaine, civill dialect to provide
 An other husband for his daughter: for
 I doubted that I should not be at leasure
 This race or two of yeeres to marry her.
 And I may tell you sir, indeed I cannot.

Hoo. O, O, I am undone, cheated and gull'd, undone,
 Villaine I'le bind thee to thy good behaviour.

Ant. I would you could sir, I would thank you for't:
 But fie M. *Hooke*, a head of that silver dye,
 A beard of such an honourable length,
 For to bee gull'd? and so egregiously?
 By a young man with ne're a haire o'ns face?

Ter. Come sonne, I doe not like these courses, nor
 Doe they become a Gentleman, I'le not haue
 That contumely dwell on our family,

That we should use such indirect proceedings
For to reedifie our tottering fortunes.
By all the *Magicke* in the name of *Father*
I doe conjure thee; by this aged head,
And these gray hayres, by thy dead *Mothers Urne*,
By all her cares and feares, by what is dearest
Vnto thy soule, I charge thee, take his daughter.

Ant. Without all question I am the first, the first
That ever pietie has made miserable.

Well Master *Hooke*, you see what may be done,
VVhat angry spirits a man may lay, while he
Does stand secure within the circle of father.

Your daughter I will haue; onely know this,
There is another thing which belongs to her,
Which I must haue too, that's the *Parsonage*;

'Twas ever yet allotted for her portion,

And I expect my right. *Hoo.* How? woe is me,

I am undone. *Ant.* Before I stretch forth a paw

Towards her, i'll haue it. *Vrs.* Father, good father let him,
He will go back from's word els. *Ho.* Well, he shall haue it.

Hold: by the vertue of this writing, it

Is lawfull for you (after old *Linelyes* death)

For to present the first *Fy, fy, fy, fy.*

I had this drawne (alas) for another end.

Ant. My law does tell mee it will doe. Come on,
Since there's no remedy, let's even to't.

Yes hangman, I forgiue thee heartily,

'Tis but thy office. *Hoo.* Come *Terpander*, we

Will keepe the wedding at my house, but heare you?

The cost and charges shall be yours. *Ter.* Agreed,

Most willingly. Follow me sonne and daughter.

[*She sits downe, & puls stones out of her pocket*]

Vrse. Come husband. *Anteros*, will you play at *chackstones*

With me? *Ant.* Follow, follow, follow, follow,

I will bee there immediatly: nay goe.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 7.

Anteros, Stipes, Merda ad arborem,

Ante. So, I haue made a fine dayes worke of this:—
Well, there's no remedy, it must be so.

But I must take my leaue in forme : Farewell

Yee chimney gods, protectours of our family;

Stripes. Strip. A bott's vpon you, that same tongue

Of yours must needs be wagging, *Mer.* Indeed Father

I did not speake a word, no that I did not.

Strip. Wee must begin againe now for your tatling,

Did not the Gentleman command vs silence ?

Ant. *Stripes* adiew, I am exceeding sorry

I cannot stay to see you a *Gentleman*.

Spruce M. Noddle, euen adiew to you.

Good *M. Mungrell*, kinde Sir *Hammerstin*.

Sweet *M. William*, I am *Melancholly*

To part with you as I am a liuing faule.

A C T. 5. S C E. 8.

Anteros. Loneall.

Lou. Why whether in such hast ? *Ant.* To banishment.

My name is written in the oyster shell;

I am too happy in a wife *Iack Loweall*,

My fellow Cittizens doe enuie me.

Farewell. *Lou.* In troth I thanke you hartily,

I hope you'l first deliner back againe

My Sword and Hatt. *Ant.* By my best wishes *Iack*

I thought not of them ; 'pray thee take them to thee.

Lou. I will take thee my little *Cupid-whipper*.

You must not goe. *Ant.* Let me alone good *Loneall*,

Doest thou not heare how with an euen gale

That Southwest winde murmurs amongst the trees ?

Within these foure and twenty houres I may

Touch on the *Belgick* shore. *Lou.* The *Belgick* shore ?

What wilt thou doe there man ? *Ant.* I'll traile a pike,

Turne *Lanceprezado*, or *Bedee*, or any thing

To patch vp a wretched life. *Lou.* You'l turne a coxcombe.

Ant. I neuer shall endure to liue a husband

The very name of wife will turne my stomach.

I shall haue threescore vomits in a day.

Lou. What wilt thou say now *Anteros* if I set thee

As free from this same marriage, as the childe

Which ten moneths since was but an Embryo ?

Ant. Thou canst not. *Lou.* I can doe it, feare it not.

Ant.

Ant. Thou canst not man, 'tis past recovery.

Lon. What wilt thou giue me if I doe effect it?

Ant. Giue thee? I'll sacrifice my selfe vnto thee

My *Iupiter*, build vp a Temple for thee

Shall take the heauens from *Atlas* shoulders, and

Giue him a *Iubile* for euer—— Speake.

Hee shall be at leasure all the rest of's life,

For to catch *Butterflies*—— But you doe mock mee,

Farewell. *Lon.* But stay. *Ant.* Doe but effect it *Jack*,

And I will straight make warre vpon the *Turke*,

Giue thee his *Diademe* and *Scepter*—— Speake.

The *Persian* shall be the *Master* of thy Horse,

The *Germane* I will make thy *cup-bearer*.

Lon. Ha, ha, he. And so I shall haue all my drink drunk vp,

Thank you for that. *Ant.* Nay wilt thou speake, or else

Let me be gone.—— The *Dukes* of *Italy*

Shall be thy *footboyes*. *Lon.* Here's a braue promiser!

Why this out does the Court; but do'st thou heare?

How wilt thou doe all this? *Ant.* Nay 'troth I know not,

But I will doe it, and let that suffice.

Lon. Well then be silent.—— *Placenta* the Shepheards wife

Soone as she heard a marriage was in motion

Betwixt my Kinswoman and your selfe, came running

To me in hast, and cry'd what doe they meane?

It is not fit, nor can it be (vnlesse

That they will violate the lawes of Nature)

That *Anteros* should haue this Gentlewoman;

I aske the cause, the *Midwife* answereth

Because she is his *Sister*. *Ant.* How? my *Sister*?

Lon. And is it possible that this is true?

Lon. True. *Am.* Stay. *Lo.* Nay wil you heare with patience?

Or else—— *Ant.* as silent as a *midnight minute*,

Or else a *Counsellour* without a *fee*,

I'll stand and heare, and suck it in, and—— *Lon.* Yet?

Ant. Pue done. *Lon.* Then heare; it seem's that *Dorothea*

My Vncles wife, some seuentene yeares agoe

Supposing shee had beene with childe, prouided

Such necessaries for her, as a woman

That is in her estate might stand in neede of;

'Twas fam'd about the Country: but at last

She found her selfe deluded by a tympany,
 But fearing lest she should prove the table talke o'th countrey,
 Takes counsell with *Placenta* for to faigne
 A birth, and to that ende employeth her
 (Being a *Midwife*) to procure for money,
 The Childe of some poore woman new deliver'd.
 At the same time it fortun'd *Anteros*
 That your mother cryed for *Innos* helpe,
 Which she obtayned, and was deliver'd
 Of this your *Sister*, whom when she perceiv'd
 To be deformed, and distort; at length
 She was or'come by th' *Midwife* for to part
 With her new purchac'd Infant, t'was agreed,
 And the birth straight given out to be *abortive*,
 And which is more, beleev'd, and for to colour
 The matter o're the better, they did bury
 An *empty coffin*. In the meane time your sister
 Was secretly convey'd vnto my *Aunt*,
 VVho presently did faigne to be in travaile,
 And was deliver'd in conceit of *Her*,
 VVho but a while agoe vvas call'd your wife.
 T'was not long after, but the brace of mothers
 Did travaile both together to the *dead*,
 And left my vncle a supposed daughter.
 You have the history. *Ant.* And with it heaven,
 And immortality: O *Loveall*, *Loveall*;
 By all the Deities I could embrace thee
 For this thy happy newes, wer't thou a vvoman.

Love. But what's become of all your promises?

Ant. O tis a taste, a spice of greatnesse, *Jacke*,
 To promise. *Love.* And to performe iust nothing.

Ant. You doe not heare me say so. VVhat's the matter?

ACTVS 5. SCENA 9.

Hooke, *Loveall*, *Anteros*, the 6. *Schollers*.

Love. But see the wooers are discarded quite
 My vncle beates them out of doores. *Hook.* You villaines—
 Out of my house yee brood of caterpillers.—
 Sonne of a hedge and *Moone-shine*; goe—fy, fy, fy.

O mi.

The Rivall Friends.

O misery beyond — come out you rascall,
And bring your *piping* nose along with you ; —
A fire upon this *hollow raffe* of yours,
'Tis like your heart — out rogues, and ruiians —
O I am undone. — *Exit.*

Ant. Ha, ha, he. *Loveall*, these men are mine ;
I am the *Patron* of the *living* now,
Dost thou see this? *Lou.* I heard as much within.

Ant. I will behave my selfe most scurvily,
Like to some surly crabbed *Patron* now,
That has some 6, or 7 tyr'd horses tyed
At's dore. How now? *Zea. Patron.*

[*He salutes Anteros Winking, He in the meane time cuts
away the blacke box that hung at his girdle.*]

Ant. What sayes my *Client*?

Loveall, I pray thee catechize this box,
Ther's good stuffe in't I warrant thee. *Zea. Good Patron.*

Arthur. Heare me Sir, I'll dispatch it in three words,
This is a tedious *Assse*, and readeth nough
But *English Treatises.* *Zea.* Sir, will it please you
To take particular notice? — *Tem.* Sir. *Stu.* But *Patron* —

Omnes. Patron. Ant. Who! now the *sent* growes hot, 'tis
The *game's* in view. Haup, --rate them there -- no more (*ranck*).
You Sir, that are the *ring-leader* of this rout. —

Zea. Rings be profane. Ant. 'Sdeath! what a pack of rogues
Are got together here? what is your name?

*Zeal. Zealous Knowlittles. Ant. Zealous Knowlittles? good;
Of which Vniversitie? Zeal. Of both the Vniversities.*

Ant. A very likely thing: good M^r Knowlittles
Separate your selfe a little from the people.

Zeal. With all my heart, I'll separate. *Ant.* Your name?

Temp. My name is *Tempest Almouthe* sir.

Ant. How? *Tempest Almouthe*? where are thy *braines* man?

Arth. He has not any. *Ant.* Beare him company.

Loue. What haue we here? *Item*, to send forth tickets
To all the *Brethren* that doe inhabite
Within this *Shire*, to giue them *intimation*,
That *M. Mother-tongue* stands the first of *Iune*.

Ant. You that are next him? *Arms. Arthur Armestrong* sir.

The Rival Friends.

Ant. You there *Colosse*? *Stutch*: My name is *Stutchell Legg*.

Ant. Troth, and thou art well underlay'd indeed,

A couple of foot-ball players I warrant them.

Low. Item: — a pox upon't, here's *bandery*,
He rake noe deeper in this puddle. — so.

Ant. And what must we call you? *Gan.* *Ganymede Filpos*.

Ant. Thou should'st be a good fellow by thy name.

Come on; what glorious title I beseech you

Has bounteous Nature fixt on you: nay open.

Hugo. My name is *Hugo obligation*.

Ant. How? *Hugo obligation*? 'pray thee *Loveall*

Is not this shorne bearde villaine the precise *Scrivenour*,

Would faine turne *Priest*? *Low.* The very same I take it.

Ant. Meddle not with me *Iack*. Nay doe not hold me.

A whoreson *Inkebottle*, and two skins of parchment, *He drawes*
Dares he hope for my sister, and a living? *his Sworde.*

You slave, are *Parsonages* in this age so cheape?

Low. 'Pray thee *Anteros*. *Ant.* Doe not entreat me *Loveall*,
He dyes: this hat is not more mortified.

Low. 'Pray thee be quiet. *Ant.* Hang him, a death's too good
For such a rascall. — Sirrah, 'le cut indentur's
Upon your skin. And here's another Villayne,
Whose very countenance speaks *Servingman*,
Filpos come hither. *Low.* Nay but *Anteros*.

Ant. Death man! our *Vniversities* doe swarme,
They have more Schollers then they know to spend
While they are Sweet: and must such Rogues as these,
Whose height of knowledge, is to spit and snuffle,
And talke some 3. houres non-sense, shoulder them
Out of their places? what is't that makes so many
Of our quick witt's turne *lesuits*, and forsake
Both their Religion, and their Country thinke you?
Sirrah noe more then thus, lye and thou dyest.
Have not you beene a *Serving-man* sometimes?

Gan. Yes truly sir, I'll not deny't, I was
Agentlemans butler once. *Ant.* I told you so.
The very chipping's hang in's eye-brow's still.
His face unto this instant minute shines
With broken beere that was his fees, stand by,

And doe not hope so large a benefit
From me as to be kill'd, live, live, unhappy.
You M. know little know you whose box is this?

Zeal: Truly 'tis mine, verily. *Ant:* Away you stinkard,
I wilbe visited no more to day.

Avoyde I say. Have I not done it well? *Exeunt Suitors.*

Lou: Oh noe, you want the pawlies, and the hums,
And the grave thumbe under the girdle too.

Ant: Oh, that's for old living brokers, I'me a young one.

Lou. You must indent then with them, for to keepe you
Some hounds or cocks, and get a handsome wife
To entertaine you. *Ant.* A wife? a thunderbolt
Is entred me, pray thee no more. *Lou:* How now?

ACTVS 5. SCENA 10.

Justice Hooke, Terpander, Mistris Vrsly, Loveall, Anteros, Placenta, Neander, Constantina (as dead,) brought in by two of Lively's servants, three Fiddlers, one of them carryes all the fiddles, and Neanders sword, the other two leade him in.

Hooke. And get you packing too, thou olde impostor,
With your distorted puppet here; and you
That make the custardes quake where ere you come,
Thou enemy to sweet meats. *Ter.* Mr. Hooke
'Twould rellish more of wisedome if you did
Beare out this matter coolely. Come my daughter.

Hook. O me! the very boy's will laugh at me.

Ter. Anteros salute your sister, and embrace her.

Ant. I am undone againe! what shall I doe
Loveall? *Lou.* What shall you doe? why kisse her man.

Ant: Sister god save you, — and as much to you
My never-to-be-hereafter father in law.

Hook: Woe's me! what shall I say? what shall I doe?
I have given in the morgage, and without money.
But what new spectacle is this? *Lou:* Whats heere?
How? the dead body of a gentle-woman?

Pla: Is this Neander? *1 Rust.* Hold the cut-throat fiddlers
Whilst we doe bring this gentlewoman fore the justice.

2 Rust: A kind and loving husband sure, that has.

Made a fayre hand on's wife thus the first day.

Lon: Ha? what is this I see? O trayterous eyes:
Can I believe ye any more? my sister?

Constantina? *Hook:* How's that? *Pla:* It cannot be:

Lon: 'Tis she. O partiall heavens! but yet it is not,
'Tis not long since I left my sister safe

Wich in her chamber, and in another habit —

By all the powers 'tis she — I doe profane

The god's; it is not she, it is not. — once more:

The *twins* of *Leda* were not halfe so like.

I'll be resolv'd immediatly. *1 Rust:* Good M. justice, *Exit.*

I pray you heare me. As we did daunce even now.

In your North field, we found this gentlewoman,

Lying all along (as to say) even quite dead,

And this her husband with his naked sword

Standing hard by her. *Hook:* Another riddle yet.

Her husband? ha? Why is not this *Neander*

One of the *rival's* in my daughters love?

2 Rust: Ander, or Pander, wee know not that,
But 'tis her husband, that wee'r sure of

Is he not *Robbin*? *1 Rust:* I that he is our *Edward*,

We both were present when they were detracted.

2 Rust: Subtracted you foole. But as I sayd before.

Seeing him stand so desperatly with his sword

We stole behind him, and so caught him.

Ant: A valiant act believ't. Good sir, let's goe.

Pla: Ah *Constantina*, ah good heart! was this

The journey you intended? *Ant:* Sir, I beseech you —

We shall be poyton'd with these womens sighs

He offers

'Tis worse then a *Germane* hot-house. *Ter:* *Anteros*

to goe.

Stay, we will see the end of this.

Hook: Fye, fye, Hell is broke loose upon me: all her furies

Are come at once t'assault me. *Con:* Ah *Cleopes*! *She revives*

Nean: She lives againe, O miracle of women!

Con: Where art thou *Cleopes*? *Nean:* Oh hated name,

Enough t'infect the world, but that it comes

Out of those lipps. *Pla:* Speake *Constantina*.

Con: What haue I to doe

With light or heaven? I will not live. *Pla:* O me!

Shee

Shee swounds againe. 1 *Rust.* Why doe you rub her head
And face so much, you foolish woman you?
Let me alone, I'le find her wound I warrant you.

Pla. Forbeare, or I'le find that swines face of yours.

She strikes him.

Const. I am too bad for hell, they'l not receiue me,
They are afraid I should infect those soules,
Those vertuous soules which doe inhabit there.

Nean. Art thou not softened yet *Neander*? Ha?
Hadst thou an heart cut out 'orth *Diamond* rocke,
Sure this would melt it. *Const.* O my *Cleopes*!

1 *Rust.* What will you gine fir, and I will let you
Shift for your selfe? *Nean.* What thou deservest villaine.

2 *Rust.* Halfe part, or else she shall not go. *Nea.* Take halfe.

He breakes loose, and beats them out.

I will diuide my gifts betwixt yee — there.
Thou *Temple* of Vertue, sayrest *Constantina*. —

Const. Oh I shall die againe if I see him.

Nean. But will you liue if I doe presently
Make a diuorce betwixt you and *Neander*?
And place you in the armes of him you so
Loue, and adore, your *Cleopes*? *Const.* You cannot.

Nean. Thou'rt all diuinitie, indeed I cannot.
See where *Pandora* comes; but now I can.
Behold my *Lucius*.

ACT. 5. SCENE II.

*Laurentio, Lucius, Endymion, Pandora,
Isabella, cum ceteris.*

Laur. Nay, I will still persist to follow thee
Basest of men. *End.* Good father. *Luc.* Suffer him;
His tongue has learn'd the pallsie from his hands;
Alas hee's old, and must bee pardon'd for't.
But what imports this multitude? and see *Neander*
With his Boy-bride. *Pandora*, sweetest Lady —

Ant. An other tempest! where shall I shelter me?

Luc. By all the joyes in Loue, by all the sorrowes,
By all his *Roses*, and his *Worme-wood*, take

Thy thoughts from me, and let them doubled fall
 Vpon my friend *Neander*. — Fairest soule,
 Doe but contemplate that most curious frame
 Of man, in what a pleasing *harmonic*
 Nature has married all those provinces
 His *limbes* together : view but his *sparkling eye*,
 And reade *divinitie* there; looke on his *hayre*,
 Survey his face, and see how Majestic
 And sweetnesse there doe strive for victory,
 And still the issue's doubtfull. *Nean. Lucius*,
 Thou shalt not overcome; disguise farewell.
 O thou that art the shame of all thy sexe,
 Faire *Constantina*, yet not halfe so faire
 As vertuous, here behold thy *Cleopes*;
Hee discovers himselfe.

Neander's vanish'd; why doe you wonder so?
 I doe confesse I lou'd that Gentlewoman,
 And for her loue I tooke on this disguise,
 And here for thine I put it off againe,
 And on my bended knee doe begg my pardon
 For all the wrong I've done thee *Ant. Cleopes!*

Hoo. It is a miracle: but the bonds, the living.

Pla. O heavens! 'tis he, most happy *Constantina!*

Const. My *Cleopes*? grant me some respite joy
 Before thou kilst me — Oh my *Cleopes!*

Whom doe I embrace? into whose armes am I fallen?

Cleo. O constant virgin! *Const.* But how shall I hereafter
 Give any credit to my senses? O

Placenta, courteous *Midwife*, pray thee tell mee,
 Where am I now? in heaven? *Pla.* Bridle your passion.

Luc. Am I my selfe? or doe I dreame all this?

Cleo. *Lucius*, take truce with wonder, I am *Cleopes*,
 And I doe hope, though now I weare that name,
 As deare to thee as when I heard *Neander*.

You may remember when as first the beautie
 Of fayre *Pandora* did attract your eyes

To wonder, and to loue, that I was then

A busie wooer unto *Constantina*:

But so it pleased *Cupid*, that while I

The Riuall Friends.

Drew out a languishing and luke-warme suit
To her, the vigour of *Pandora's* beames,
(As doth the *Sun* unto our *culinar* fire)
Did quite extinguish that same petty flame.
Thinking it vaine t'attempt her in that shape,
I presently did take some discontent,
And fain'd a journey into *Belgia*,
And not long after tooke on this disguise,
And return'd hither ; where I haue remain'd
Your *Riuall*, and *capitall* friend together :
And (which I wonder at the most) unknowne :
You haue my *Metamorphosis*. But sweet,
How cam'st thou 'pray thee, unto Mr *Linely*?
And by what trickes did he inueagle thee
Vnto this contract, since thou didst not know
That *Cleopes* was there invisible?

Con. My better *Genius*, you shall heare within
The story whole, it is too tedious
To be told here. *Cleo.* But now *Pandora*, why
Stand you so dully here, and doe not flie
Into his strict embraces, who alone
Loues you, and who alone deserues your loue?

Luc. Doe I loue *her*? doe I deserue *her* loue?
Hast thou (sweet friend) for me forsaken her,
Whom thou didst prize 'boue thine owne proper soule?
And now hast married her whom thou didst flie?
And all for my sake, and shall I thus repay thee?
But for *her* loue thou ne're hadst been *Neander*;
And but for mine hadst been *Neander* still;
Friend *Cleopes*, or if thou wilt *Neander*,
(Vnder both titles most belov'd of me)
Was shee all *Venus*, did each *hayre* of hers
Fetter a Loue, were there as many *Cupids*
That hover'd o'e her head, as there be lights
VWhich guild yon *Marble roose*, by them I sweare,
By all that's *Sacred*, by what ever flies
The touch of mortall eye, I sweare againe,
I would disclaime *her* and her loue for ever.

Pand. Troth *Lucius*, I doe pitie you, that doe

The Rivall Friends.

Spend so much breath unto so little end,
VVhat need all these deepe protestations?
I care not *this* for all your lorie, nor yet
For your friend *Ianus* there with the two faces;
Nor do I think ye men. *Luc.* So quickly? *Pan.* Yes.
I doe confesse I am a woman; see,
Here is the man has wonne what ye haue lost;
Stout souldiers sure, that when the Citie gates
VVere open to yee, durst not enter in.

Luc. O *Isabella*, 'tis for thy sake I know
That all these miseries doe happen mee.
(Forgiue mee good *Laurentio*) *Isabella*,
At length I haue experience what it is
To loue an *outside*, the meere *barke* of woman,
And to forsake an *inward* vertue: but
If once I haue thee in possession more ———

[*Redit in scenam Loueall cum Isabella*]

Loue. Follow mee *Witch*, *deuill*, *strumpet*, *prostitute*.

Isab. Ah whither will he drag mee? oh my heart!

Loue. What haue yee done with my dead sisters body?

Con. Thy sisters body now has got a soule.

(O my sweet *Cleopes*!) most welcome brother.

Loue. But doth she liue then? *Const.* And so happily,
As I haue call'd it impudence to wish
What I doe now enjoy. *Laur.* Whom doe I see?
My daughter *Isabella*? *Loue.* But is this *Cleopes*?

Luc. I dare not looke upon that wronged face.

Const. It is, and now thy sisters husband. *Cleo.* Brother,
All health, all happinesse. *Loue.* More then all to you,
Good *Cleopes*. — But dost thou liue, my sister?
Why wast thou dead but now? *Const.* Thou shalt heare that
Some other time. *Laur.* Seest thou that virgin?

End. Yes, it is my sister *Isabella*. *Laur.* Peace.

Isab. I am undone! my father, and my brother.

Sir, I beseech you pardon what my loue,
And younger yeeres haue trespas'd. *Laur.* Rise my daughter;
Ioy will not suffer mee for to be angry.
Seest thou that face? *Isab.* It is *Endymion*
My brother. — Brother, God saue you. *End.* Sister!

Laur. Thy

The Riual Friends.

Luc. Thy Brother? 'tis thy *traytour* that I meane,
That has undone thee and thy name. *Isab.* 'Tis *Lucius*.

Ant. Sir I beseech you doe not hearken to him.

Ter. No more. *Ant.* A pox upon this honesty,
It will vndoe us all: 'tis ten to one

But that his tender Conscience will perswade him
To pay in the money for all this. *Luc.* Faire soule
Canst thou forgiue thy *Lucius*? *Isa.* Canst thou loue

Thy *Isabella*? *Luc.* Give me a man dares aske
That question? Good *Laurentio* let me craue
Your likeing and consent. *Luc.* Consent? to what?

Luc. To marry this your daughter. *Luc.* Marry my daugh-
No periu'd wretch. *Isa.* Sir I beseech you grant it. (ter)
O *Lucius*! O happy houre! *Luc.* Thou hast her,
And with her such a portion as shall please thee.

Luc. I will not heare of Portion, shee her selfe
Is dowry enough to mee.— O *Isabella*!

Pla. What? Is the *Players* boy prov'd woman too?

Pan. Father. *Hook.* I say trouble me not—the mortgage.

Pan. Sir I beseech you heare me. *Hook.* Fy, fy, fy.

Pan. And let me haue your approbation
In this young Gentleman for my husband. *Hook.* O.

Laur. Perhaps sir you may doubt of his estate,
But if you'll credit me, I can instruct you,
I am his Father, hee mine onely Sonne,
And (I doe thanke my starrs) our fortun's are
None of the meanest Speake Sir, will you give
Your daughter here, without a portion?

Hook. Without a Portion? take her what er'e thou art—
So, So, that care is past yet, this a little

Help's out with th' other losses. *Ter.* Master *Hook,*
You shall not frowne, since all things here doe smile;
To morrow I will pay you halfe your mony,
So you will grant me a generall acquittance;
'Tis in my power (you know) and I may chuse
Whether I'll pay a farthing, but no more,

(There is a thing call'd conscience within me;
And) you shall have it: therefore be frolike Sir. (honest)

Hook. Thou art an honest man. Yee are all honest, yee are all

O

Enter

The Riuall Friends.

Enter Lively having heard the other Scene.

Lin. All this while have I

Employ'd mine ear es about this businesse.

Now show thy selfe, and of what houle thou com'st.

All health to this faire company — — much ioy — —

Much ha' pineffe — — and a young Sonne to you ;

Are you at leature for to kill me yet ?

You see I'me come againe. *Nean.* Let me embrace thee

Thou instrument of all our good. *Linc.* Yes, yes,

I was a foole, knewe nothing, knewe nitt nothing,

Could not divine a whit, not tell, not tell,

How this same geare would come to passe, not I ;

How doe you like your *Lively* now ? your *Lively* ?

Hook Wee will discourse of that within. *Terpander,*

Sir will it please you follow ? you say Sonne,

Genti'men y'are all my guests to night. Mee

Think's I am growne *Pessilent kinde* vpon the suddayne,

The Musicke too, wee will be merry, come,

Nay come, come, take me while the honours hot.

[*Exeunt omnes, but Loveall and Anteros.*]

Ant. *Loveall*, a word : nay troupe on, let them troupe.

Lov. The newes ? *Ant.* 'Faith nothing but to take my leave,

Bid you far well. *Lov.* Why so ? I pray thee stay,

You'le in I hope.

Ant. What among such a kennell

Of women ? noe, adieu. *Lov.* Nay preethee goe.

Ant. Not for the *Fayry Kingdom*. *Wife.* Mr. *Loveall*,

Sweet Mr. *Loveall*. *Mung.* *Anteros.* *Ant.* How now ?

Mung. As I am a gentleman, and an elder brother, I am almost

choak'd. *Wife.* Sweet Mr. *Loveall*, O Mr. *Loveall*. 'Tis vt-

terly against my complexion,

To lye here any longer. *Ant.* Death ! our fooles,

Our dish of *buffles* : as I hope to prosper

My thoughts had lost them quite. *Lov.* I thought not of them.

Nod. Good Mr. *Loveall* are the officers gone ?

Ham. *Anteros*, *Anteros*, is the coast cleare yet ?

Ant. But how shall wee dispose of them ? *Lov.* Wee'd best
Barrell them vp and send them for new *England*.

Ant. A pex there's fooles enow already there.

Let's pickle them for winter *Sallads*. *Lov.* No ;

They

The Rival Friends.

They are not capable of *Salt*, man ; rather
Let's ge some broaken *trumpet*, or old *drumme*,
And shew them to the people from some strange
Beasts out of *Affrike*.

Mer. Father, my gowne is not filke yer.

Stip. A bots on you.

Ant. Harke, there's another eggesprung, my sheeheard
and his faire daughter.

Wife. *Loveall*, Mr. *Loveall*, I am of a *sanguine complexion*.

Ham. *Anteros*.

Ant. Now all the world ! what shall wee do with them ?

But stay, a word,—performe it, I'll take order [*He whispers*
T' vacate v'm' to your hand. ——— *With Loveall*]

Now quickly *Noodle*, all is quiet now, ——— *Exit Loveall*.

Come Mr. *William* — Not a mouse is stirring—

Safe, safe, all safe. Ha, he, he.

[*They all 4 come out at the 4 corners of the stage*]

Nod. Puc spoy'd my cloathes quite, would I had a brush ;
How now ? wee're gull'd.

Wif. I, as I am a *living saule*. — *marke the end on't*.

Ham. Who haue wee here ? does his ghost walke ?

Nod. Wee are all geet'd I perceiue it plaine now.

Wif. Who's that ? Mr. *Mungrell* ? is the Scholler a line a-
gain ? I should haue beene very *melancholy* to haue beene
hang'd as I am a *living saule*.

Nod. If I could get my rapier, and a brush, [*Redis in sce-*
I'de steale away. *nam Loveall & Placenta with a cudgell.*]

Pla. Would you haue a brush ? I'll brush yee yee villaines,
Nay, Mr. *Loveall* told me what *dusty companions* yee were,
And that yee wanted *brushing*, and how yee had
Abus'd my husband, and my daughter, ty'de them
To a tree, come one your wayes, want yee brushing ?
Ye rascals, I'll brush you, would ye be *brush'd* ? [*She beats the forth*
Come on, lets see what *cover'd dish* w' haue here now ? [*She unties*
Hy day ! you lubberly knaue ; what *Madame Gillian* too ? [*thens*

Stip. What ? is thee come now to trouble vs !

My daughter, I doe charge you on my blessing

Looke scuriously vpon her. *Mer.* Yes forsooth Father.

Stip. Call her not *Mother* darling, but disclaime her,

The Riuall Friends.

Shee is no wife of mine shee does conspire
Against our gentility daughter, and shee lyes;
Call her *the plaine old woman*, sweet-lips, doe;
Ile beare you out in't, doe as your father bids you.

Pla. How now?

Mer. But forsooth father, my neckercher is not turn'd into
Gold yet. *Pla.* They are both mad of a certaine.

Stip. I am a *gentleman*, and I will be a *gentleman*, I will *enclose*,
and I will *rayse rents*—I will be a *lower-house man*, and I will be—

Plac. An old cox-combe, and you shall be beaten. [*She beats*

Stip. But does this stand good in law? *him.*

Plac. Feare not that; I'll find an *old statute* for it, doubt it not.
You are a *gentleman*? and you will be a *gentleman*? I'll make you
gentle enough ere I haue done with you.

Stip. O, O, O.

Plac. And you my *sweet lips* that wil not call me mother, but
looke scruily,

Come on your wayes I haue the *common law* on my side too for
this. [*She beats Merda.*]

Mer. Oh mother, I'll neuer bee a *gentlewoman* more while I
liue, nor neuer talke of *gold neckerchers*, no that I won't truely.

[*Shee beats Stipes againe.*]

Plac. Yes, you shall bee a *Lower-house man*, you shall; I'll
take you downe a *Pinne*, you'r too high now.

Stip. O, O, good wife—O, O, hony wife.

Pla. You'l in? [*Exit. Plac. & Merda.*]

Stip. Buz, peace and catch a moule cry I.

[*Enter Hammerstin*]

Ans. What is my Scholler return'd? pre'thee goe in Iack
Loveall, I'll change but two words with him [*Exit Love.*
And follow. Well sayd, nay looke not sowerly on the matter.

Hams. You haue abus'd mee Sir, and goe to the *fence Schoole*
with mee if you dare, or elte *wrestle* a fall with me.

Ans. Ile giue thee satisfaction my *rowser*
My *Hut-ber* better, nay put off these frownes;
What say'st thou to my sister, and the Living?
I know you haue heard the newes from out the *Cabbin*,
And you was once a *Suitour* to her; speake,
Will that content thee? come you are not the first
Has got a *Parsonage* with *fooling* Sir.

The Riwall Friends.

I will procure it for thee, feare it not:
Nay spare your *Hatt*, it will be tedious,
My thanks shall be in *Oates*.

Stip. But Master *Icoffry*.

Ant. Follow Iack *Lovecall* in.

[*Exit Ham.*]

Stip. You know I was your Master to day.

Ant. Well put the case.

Stip. Poore, and ill 'parell'd.

Ant. Put the case againe.

Stip. But now you see how strangely altered.

Ant. Put the case the third time.

Stip. Are you avis'd of that? Ple n'ere trust *Winking* beast
againe for your sake, Ple tell you but so. Did you not tell mee
that *Obrum* would make me a gentleman? *Obrum*? *Obrum*? if
Obrum has no better tricks then these, let *Obrum* keepe
his tricks to coole his porridge, 'sdu's I look'd euery minute
when *Obrum* would haue put a greene scarlet suite vpon my
backe like your's, all to bee dawb'd with spingle spangles; and
in the meane time comes my wife with a blacke and blew home
spun of her owne making. Well that same *Obrum* is a sembling
cony catching knaue, and I know what I could call you too, but
for your *Whiniard*, and your *staring goggles*.

Ant. *Stripes*, no more, aduance thy duller eye,
Know'st thou what all those blazing stars portend?

Sti. I, I, by'r Lady? how now? 'sdu's I thinke fourty
Obrums haue beene here, (Master *Icoffry* is that *Obrum* that
makes gentlefolkes, a *Taylor*?) one *Obrum* could neuer haue
paynted them thus.

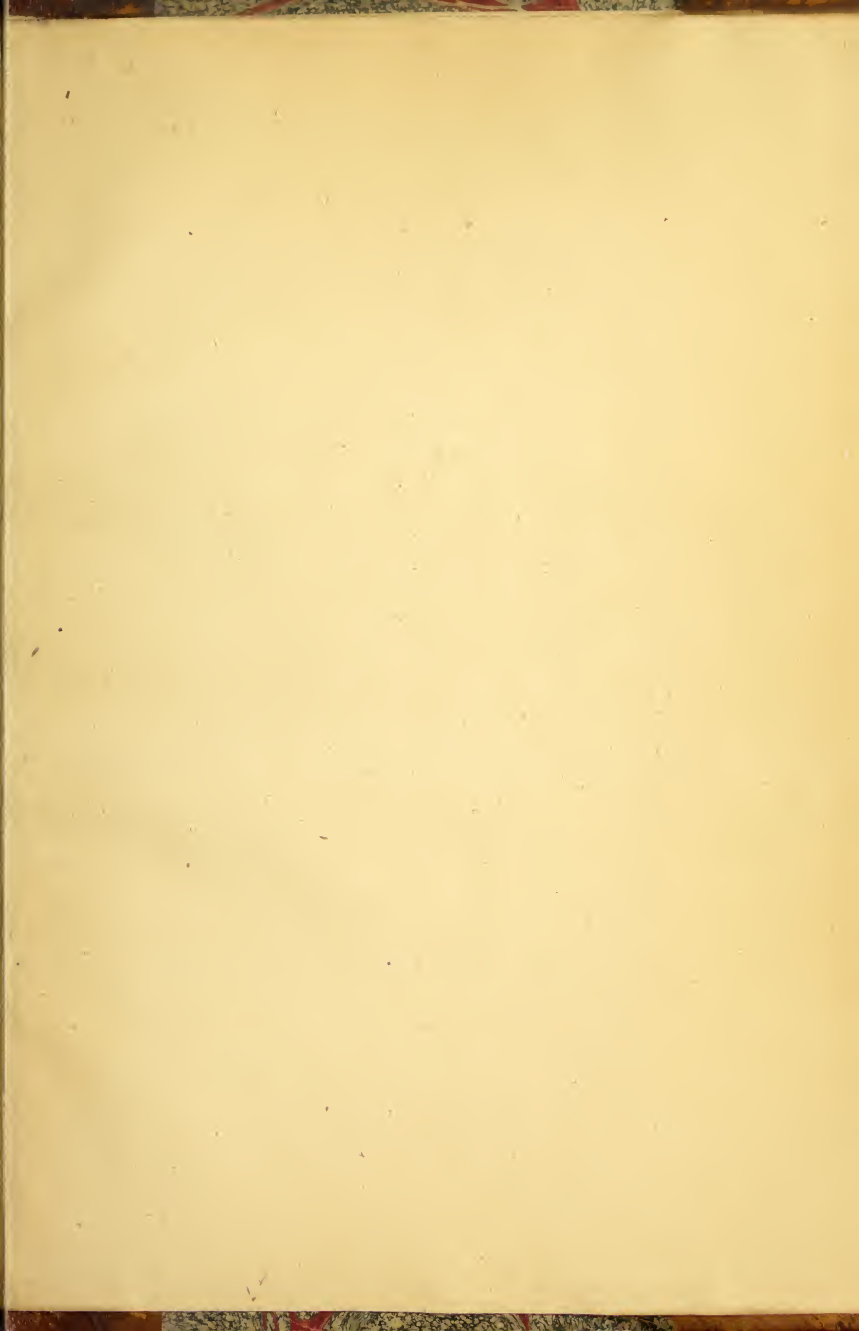


Epilogue.

PEace prophane rudenesse; what aiteration's this?
What meane these bended Knees? but are these women?
Am I a Conuert then? so suddainely?
Surely some Power greater then all that Sex
Is interpos'd, sayl'd in a femall outside,
Else how come I so supple ioynted, that
Before was stiffer then the Rhodian Statue?
There is an Homage due, and I must pay't
Spite of my proudest nerues. Most Sacred Goddesse,
Behold a Penitent, that falls thus lowe
Before your feete: as you haue showne your selfe
More then a Mortall, in conuerting me,
Confirm it by your Pardon; 'tis a Vertue
No lesse deseruing, and as neere to miracle.
And You great Monarch, that the world may know
How nigh a Kin to heauen and all the Gods
You are in blond and power, confute that bold
Erronious tenent, prooue the Age of Wonders
Still to endure. What I have promised
Vnto this Shepheard (as a miracle)
To be perform'd by Obron and this tree,
Doe you effect; make vs all gentlemen.
Which one Kinde ray sent from Your gracions eyes
Will doe, and in that confidence wee rise.

FINIS.







TEN
YDER,
ommon

1/12/37

